

No. 2

JULY, 1938

ACTION COMICS



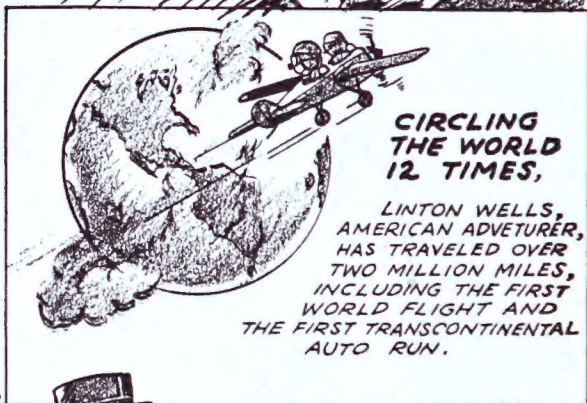
LEO E. O'MEALIA

THRILLS!



**HUNTER NARROWLY
ESCAPES DEATH AS HE
SHOOTS MOST DARING
CLOSE-UP OF A LION
EVER TAKEN!**

WHILE "SHOOTING" BIG-GAME ON ONE OF HIS TRIPS IN AFRICA BERTRAM JEAREY, NOTED ENGLISH ADVENTURER-PHOTOGRAPHER, USING A GRASS SHIELD WHICH PARTLY HID HIMSELF AND CAMERA, CRAWLED WITHIN 15 FEET OF A GROUP OF LIONS. ONE OF THE BEASTS SCENTED JEAREY AND, WITH A FEROCIOUS SNARL, SPRANG AT THE SHIELD. AS THE PHOTOGRAPHER SNAPPED ANOTHER PICTURE, A GUIDE'S GUN ROARED FROM THE BUSHES NEARBY AND THE BEAST SCAMPERED AWAY,—BUT JEAREY HAD IN HIS POSSESSION ONE OF THE MOST MARVELOUS CLOSE-UPS EVER TAKEN OF A WILD LION.



**CIRCLING
THE WORLD
12 TIMES,**

LINTON WELLS, AMERICAN ADVENTURER, HAS TRAVELED OVER TWO MILLION MILES, INCLUDING THE FIRST WORLD FLIGHT AND THE FIRST TRANSCONTINENTAL AUTO RUN.



**JOINED FRENCH ARMY AT
THE AGE OF 10 AND RETIRED
AT 40 ACCREDITED WITH 60
YEARS MILITARY SERVICE**

L'ADJUDANT THOMAS, COURAGEOUS FRENCH SOLDIER, IS THE VETERAN OF NEARLY 3000 BATTLES.

THOMAS SERVED IN THE MILITARY CAMPAIGN OF COLONIAL FRANCE DURING HIS ENLISTMENT OF 30 YEARS, AND IN ACCORDANCE WITH FRENCH MILITARY RULES, THE YEARS SO SERVED COUNT DOUBLE.



ACTION COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN

Editor

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SUPERMAN

JEROME
SIEGEL
and JOE
SHUSTER.

AS THEY TOPPLE LIKE A PLUMMET
TO THE STREET BELOW, EIGHTY
STORIES DISTANT, GREER SHRIEKS
INSANELY THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF
THE BUILDING!

AS THEY STRIKE THE SIDEWALK, IT BURSTS
INTO FRAGMENTS!



SAY! WASN'T THAT
FUN? -- LET'S DO
IT AGAIN!

NO! I'LL TALK! --
THE MAN BEHIND THE
THREATENING WAR IS
EMIL NORVELL, THE MUN-
ITIONS MAGNATE, YOU'LL
FIND HIM AT HIS LEX-
INGTON PARK ESTATE!



HAVING SECURED
THE INFORMATION
HE DESIRES,
SUPERMAN
TAKES ABRUPT
LEAVE OF GREER,
SPRINGS TO THE
TOP OF THE
WASHINGTON
MONUMENT,
GETS HIS BEAR-
INGS, THEN BEGINS
HIS DASH TOWARD
NORVELL'S
RESIDENCE



MEANWHILE --

I CAN'T EXPLAIN
OVER THE PHONE,
NORVELL, BUT YOU'RE
ABOUT TO RECEIVE A
VISIT FROM THE
MOST DANGEROUS
MAN ALIVE!

DON'T WORRY, GREER!
-- I'LL TAKE CERTAIN
PRECAUTIONS TO IN-
SURE HE DOESN'T
REMAIN ALIVE
LONG!



FIVE MINUTE BLADES -- THEN...
SUPERMAN STEPS THRU THE
WINDOW OF EMIL NORVELL'S STUDY
AND CALMLY CONFRONTS HIM...

WHETHER YOU
LIKE IT OR NOT,
NORVELL, YOU'RE
COMING WITH
ME!

SORRY, BUT I
HAVE OTHER
PLANS!

AS HE SPEAKS, THE MUNI-
TIONS MANUFACTURER SUR-
REPTITIOUSLY REACHES BE-
HIND HIM TO PRESS A
BUTTON ON HIS DESK.

WHAT ARE
YOU HOLDING
BEHIND YOU?
-- GIVE IT
TO ME!

ALL RIGHT
BOYS! -- HE
ASKED FOR IT!
LET HIM
HAVE IT!!

INSTANTLY
SEVERAL
PANELS
ABOUT THE
ROOM SLIDE
ASIDE AND
OUT STEP
A NUMBER
OF ARMED
GUARDS!
NEXT
MOMENT
SUPERMAN
IS THE
CENTER
OF A
DEAFENING
MACHINE-GUN
BARRAGE!

UNHARMED BY THE RAIN OF MACHINE-
GUN BULLETS, SUPERMAN STREAKS
TOWARD HIS WOULD-BE MURDERERS!

GOOD
HEAVENS! HE
WON'T DIE!

GLAD I CAN'T
SAVE THE SAME
FOR YOU!

A MOMENT LATER A DOZEN
BODIES FLY HEADLONG OUT
THE WINDOW INTO THE NIGHT,
THE MACHINE-GUNS WRAPPED
FIRMLY ABOUT THEIR NECKS!

YOU SEE HOW EFFORT-
LESSLY I CRUSH THIS
BAR OF IRON IN MY
HANDS -- THAT BAR
COULD JUST AS EASILY
BE YOUR NECK!...
NOW FOR THE LAST
TIME! ARE YOU
COMING WITH ME?

YES! YES!
IMMEDIATELY!

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER...

YOU SEE THAT STEAMER?
IT'S THE BARONITA. TOMORROW,
IT LEAVES FOR SAN MONTE.
UNLESS I FIND YOU ABOARD IT
WHEN IT SAILS, I SWEAR I'LL
FOLLOW YOU TO WHATEVER
HOLE YOU HIDE IN, AND TEAR
OUT YOUR CURSED HEART
WITH MY BARE
HANDS!

I'LL BE
ON IT!

NEXT DAY
AN ODD
VARIETY OF
PASSENGERS
BOARD THE
SAN MONTE,
BOUND
STEAMER
BARONTA...
CLARK KENT
AND LOIS
LANG...

LOIS: WHY,
WHAT ARE YOU
DOING HERE?

OUR EDITOR DECIDED
TO HAVE ME ACCOMPANY
YOU TO THE WAR-ZONE
AND SEND BACK DIS-
PATCHES COLORED WITH
MY DISTINCTIVE
REMININE TOUCH!



... A GROUP OF SULLEN-FACED TOUGHS
WHO POSSIBLY INTEND TO ENLIST WITH
ONE OF THE ARMIES AS PAID
MERCENARIES...



LOLA CORTEZ, WOMAN OF
MYSTERY, AN EXOTIC BEAUTY
WHO FAIRLY RADIATES DANGER
AND INTRIGUE...



... AND EMIL NORVELL, WHO
HURRIES PASTY-FACED UP THE
GANG-PLANK AND QUICKLY
CONFINES HIMSELF TO HIS
CABIN



HALF AN HOUR LATER THE BARONTA
HOISTS ITS ANCHOR AND SIPS OUT
TO SEA, DESTINED FOR ONE OF THE
STRANGEST VOYAGES THE WORLD
HAS EVER KNOWN.



IT IS THE FIRST
NIGHT OUT...
AS NORVELL
NERVOUSLY PACES
HIS CABIN, THERE
COMES A KNOCK
AT THE DOOR...
HE ANSWERS
IT...



YOU!

YES.-- I THOUGHT
I'D DROP BY AND
COMPLIMENT YOU
ON HAVING HAD
SENSE ENOUGH
TO SHOW UP!



A MOMENT AFTER SUPERMAN
DEPARTS...

THAT'S HIM!
REMEMBER!--
IF HE DIES,
YOUR REWARD WILL
BE FABULOUS!

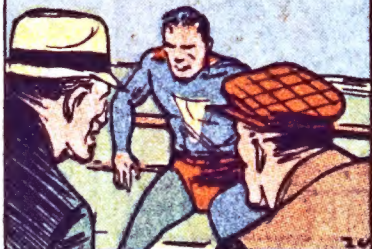
HE'S AS
GOOD AS
DEAD RIGHT
NOW!



AS SUPERMAN STANDS SILENTLY AT THE SHIP'S RAIL, ADMIRING THE MOONLIGHT, HE WHIRLS SUDDENLY AT THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS!



ALL TOGETHER,
NOW! —
GET HIM!



FOR AN INSTANT SUPERMAN BRACES HIMSELF AGAINST THE RAIL — AND IN THAT SECOND IT GIVES WAY!



HE IS FLUNG, TWISTING AND TURNING, INTO THE OCEAN!



THE THUGS REPORT BACK TO NORVELL . . .

IT WAS SIMPLE! A LITTLE SHOVE AND HE TOPPLED OVERBOARD! — NOW HOW ABOUT THAT DOUGH YOU PROMISED US!

YOU'LL GET NOTHING! GET OUT OF HERE, YOU TRUSTING FOOLS, AND BE GLAD I DON'T TURN YOU OVER TO THE POLICE!



MEANWHILE — AT THAT VERY INSTANT SUPERMAN, SWIMMING VIGOROUSLY, HAS CAUGHT UP WITH THE STEAMER . . .



... BUT INSTEAD OF CLIMBING ABOARD, HE CONTINUES ONWARD UNTIL THE BARONTA IS OUT-DISTANCED FAR BEHIND!

SEE YOU LATER!



NEXT EVENING, A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE STEAMER LANDS . . . NORVELL IS ATTACKED BY HIS DOUBLE-CROSSED HENCHMEN



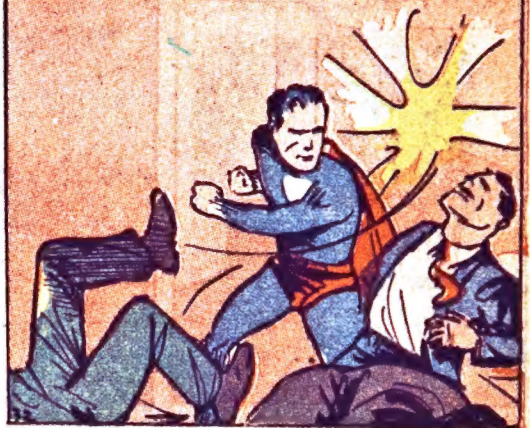
NORVELL IS SAVED BY THE TIMELY
APPEARANCE OF SUPERMAN



HOLY CATS
-- IT'S HIM!

RIGHT! -- AND
HERE'S WHERE
I EVEN A LITTLE
SCORE!

SUPERMAN SUBJECTS THE TOUGHS TO THE
SEVEREST THRASHING OF THEIR LIVES!



THE THUGS FLEE BEFORE HIS
FURY!



YOU SAVED
ME! -- BUT
WHY?

BECAUSE THE FATE
YOU ESCAPED IS
PLEASANT INDEED
COMPARED TO THE
ONE I HAVE IN
STORE FOR YOU!



W-WHAT ARE
YOU GOING
TO DO TO ME?

NOTHING --
IF YOU JOIN
THE SAN MONTE
ARMY!



LATER -- IN HIS HOTEL



IF I COULD ONLY DO
SOMETHING --
BUT IT'S SUICIDE TO
RESIST THAT INHUMAN
CREATURE!

I KNOW WHAT I'LL DO --
I'LL ENLIST IN THE ARMY
-- THEN ESCAPE AT THE
FIRST OPPORTUNITY!

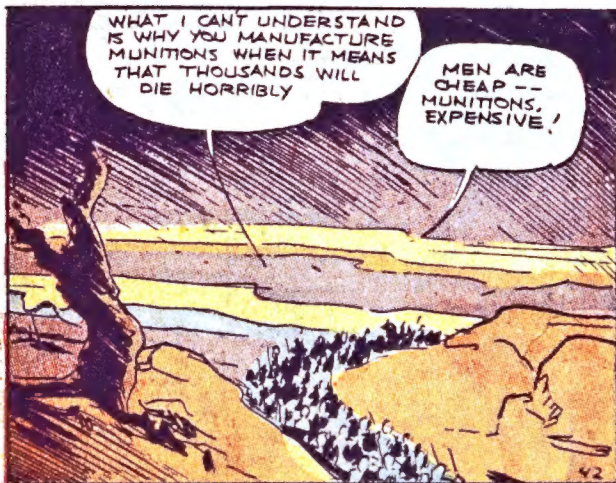


AFTER NORVELL ENLISTS --



you!

YES, I JOINED TOO --
I COULDN'T BEAR
BEING PARTED
FROM YOU!



SHORTLY LATER, THE COMPANY DITCHES CAMP . . . RETIRES . . .



SENTRIES ARE
PUZZLED
BY A
DARK
SHADOW . . .

WHAT WAS
THAT?

PROBABLY
JUST A BIRD!



BUT IN REALITY IT IS
SUPERMAN SPEEDING
TO A STRANGE RONDEZVOUS



IN THE ENEMY CAMP . . .

BUT THE QUESTION,
GENERAL, IS HOW
STRONG ARE
OUR LINES?

IMPENETRABLE!



AT THAT INSTANT A FIGURE
BURSTS INTO THE TENT.

SMILE, PLEASE!
— THANKS!



A FEW MOMENTS LATER --

GONE! —
BUT HE WON'T
ESCAPE!

GUARDS!



LATER THAT EVENING, CLARK
KENT MAILED A PACKAGE . . .

WHERE TO?

THE EVENING
NEWS . . .
CLEVELAND,
OHIO



THE EVENING NEWS PRINTS
A PICTURE-BOOP . . .



MEANWHILE, LOIS LANE AND LOLA CORTEZ HAVE REGISTERED AT THE SAME HOTEL

I'M A REPORTER DOWN HERE ON A NEWS ASSIGNMENT. AND YOU?

-- A WEALTHY TRAVELER.

AT THAT INSTANT, ARMY OFFICERS ENTERS THE HOTEL --

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?

OFFICIAL BUSINESS.

SUDDENLY PANICKY LOLA DARTS INTO AN ELEVATOR...

... AND HIDES A CERTAIN DOCUMENT IN LOIS' ROOM!

AN IMPORTANT DOCUMENT HAS BEEN STOLEN. MAY WE SEARCH THE GUESTS' ROOMS?

YOU HAVE MY PERMISSION.

SORRY, MADAM!

I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE WASTING TIME SEARCHING MY ROOM!

THE PLANTED DOCUMENT IS DISCOVERED IN LOIS' ROOM!

SORRY, WE MUST PLACE YOU UNDER MILITARY ARREST!

BUT I KNOW NOTHING OF THIS!

SENTENCE IS PASSED --

BUT I'M INNOCENT!

IT IS THE JUDGMENT OF THIS COURT THAT YOU SHALL BE EXECUTED AT DAWN FOR ESPIONAGE!

KENT, IN HIS DISGUISE AS A SOLDIER, OVERHEARS AN ASTOUNDING BIT OF INFORMATION

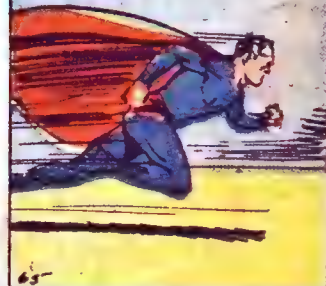
HAVE YOU HEARD? LOIS LANE, A SPY, IS TO BE EXECUTED THIS MORNING

YES! AND EXACTLY AT DAWN!

AT THAT VERY MOMENT LOIS IS BEING LED OUT TO HER DEATH.

I TELL YOU! YOU'RE GOING TO KILL AN INNOCENT PERSON!

ALMOST FASTER THAN THE EYE CAN FOLLOW, FANTASTIC FIGURE STREAKS PAST MILE AFTER MILE!



READY! AIM! FI—

DOWN — DOWN — INTO THE RANGE OF FIRE PLUMMETS SUPERMAN!

COVERING LOIS' BODY WITH HIS OWN, HE RECEIVES THE SHOTS MEANT FOR HER!

SHOOT AND BE HANGED!

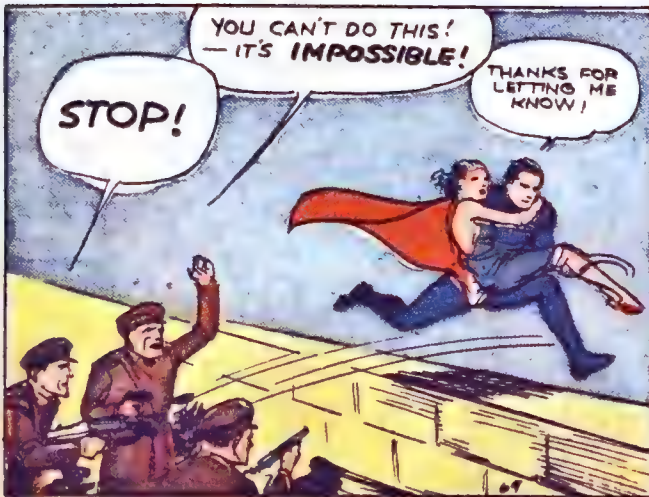


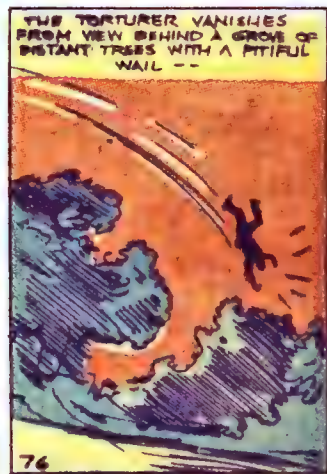
STOP! — YOU CAN'T DO THIS! — IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW!

SUPERMAN!

RIGHT! AND STILL PLAYING THE ROLE OF GALLANT RESCUER! —





AND NOW TO ATTEND
TO NORVELL!



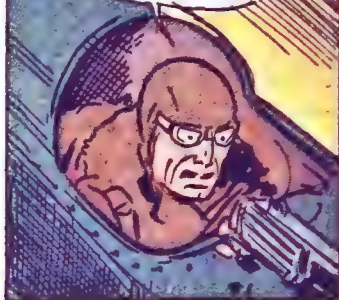
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BUT WHEN SUPERMAN
RETURNS TO HIS DETACHMENT,
HE FINDS ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS BOOMING



THE CAMP IS BEING MERCI-
LESSLY RIDDLED BY A
BLOOD-THIRSTY AVIATOR!

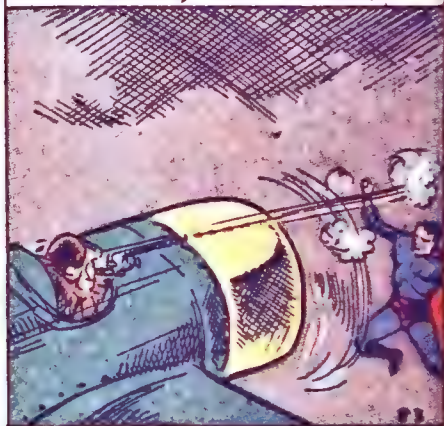
DIE! -- LIKE
CRAWLING
ANTS!



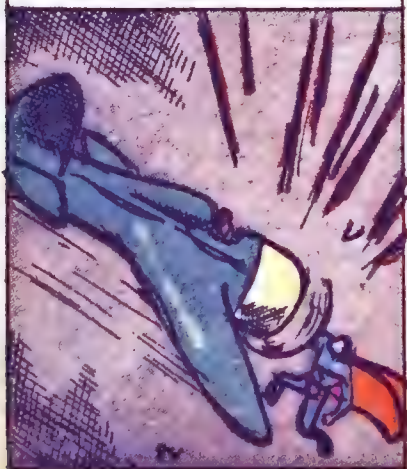
SUPERMAN
LEAPS
TO THE
ATTACK!
FOR THE
FIRST TIME
IN ALL
HISTORY,
A MAN
BATTLES
AN
AIRPLANE
SINGLE-
HANDED!



THE PLANE ZOOMS TOWARD SUPER-
MAN'S FIGURE, GUNS BLAZING!



-- INTO A HEAD-ON CRASH!



ITS PROPELLER SHATTERED
UPON SUPERMAN'S SKIN,
THE AIRPLANE FALLS TO
ITS DOOM!



NORVELL HAD WITNESSED
THE CRASH

GOOD! -- THAT
FINISHES MY
NEMESIS!







ATTENTION ALL AMERICAN YOUTH!

NO DOUBT YOU ALL ADMIRE SUPERMAN'S AMAZING STRENGTH AND ENDURANCE. WELL, NOW YOU, TOO, CAN POSSESS SUPERB PHYSIQUES AND **SINews OF STEEL!**

BEGINNING NEXT ISSUE! SUPERMAN'S OWN COURSE IN:
"ACQUIRING SUPER-STRENGTH!"

BUILD A BODY OF IRON, POSSESS THE STAMINA OF A GLADIATOR, THE ENDURANCE OF A SPARTAN!
ASTOUND FRIENDS WITH MIRACULOUS
FEATS OF STRENGTH!

ONLY IN **ACTION COMICS**
WILL YOU FIND THIS IN-
VALUABLE COURSE!
DON'T MISS AN ISSUE!



SCOOP SCANLON

FIVE STAR REPORTER

by Will Ely

THE PRIVATE YACHT OF SINCLAIR WENTWORTH IS ANCHORED OFF THE COAST OF CONNECTICUT — —

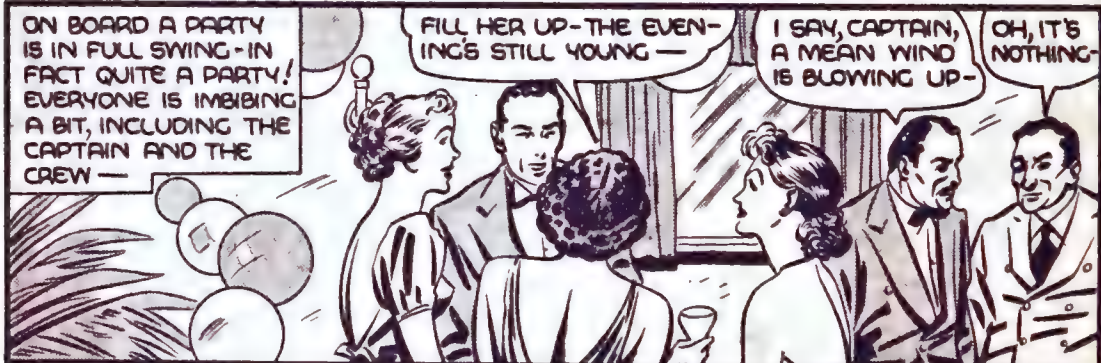


ON BOARD A PARTY IS IN FULL SWING - IN FACT QUITE A PARTY! EVERYONE IS IMBIBING A BIT, INCLUDING THE CAPTAIN AND THE CREW —

FILL HER UP - THE EVENING'S STILL YOUNG —

I SAY, CAPTAIN, A MEAN WIND IS BLOWING UP -

OH, IT'S NOTHING -



BUT IT PROVES WORSE THAN THE CAPTAIN EXPECTED - A TERRIFIC GALE SPRINGS UP WASHING THE LITTLE YACHT LOOSE FROM HER MOORINGS — — —



MAN YOUR POSTS, MEN, WE'RE ADRIFT —

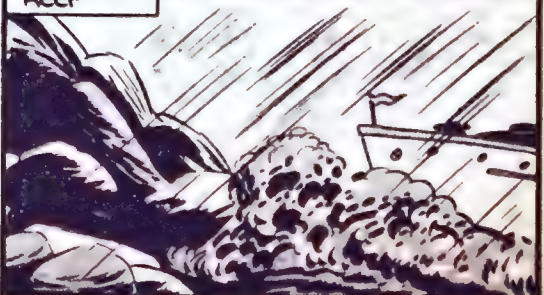
OH, SOMEBODY DO SOMETHING! THIS IS TERRIBLE!



THE CAPTAIN AND CREW IN THEIR DRUNKEN STUPOR ARE UNABLE TO NAVIGATE THE CRAFT AND — —



-BEFORE THEY REALIZE THEIR DANGER THE BOAT IS SWEEPED TOWARDS A ROCK BOUND REEF —



SHE'S OUT OF CONTROL /
STAND BY FOR A
CRASH — —



THE CHURNING WAVES POUND THE TINY
CRAFT MERCILESSLY ON THE JAGGED
ROCKS —



THE BOAT HITS THE ROCKS - PASSENGERS
ARE THROWN TO THE FLOOR —



SEND OUT AN S.O.S. !
WE CAN'T LAST
HERE LONG — —



FRANTICALLY THE SHIP'S RADIO OPERATOR
FLASHES THE APPEAL FOR HELP ACROSS
THE ETHER WAVES — — — —

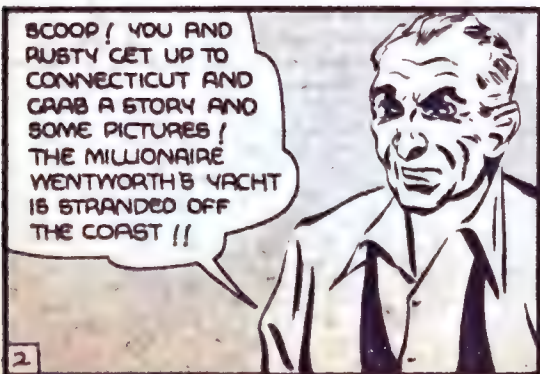


AND IN THE OFFICES OF THE BULLETIN —

HOLY SMOKE !
BOY ! BOY !
GET THIS TO
THE EDITOR !



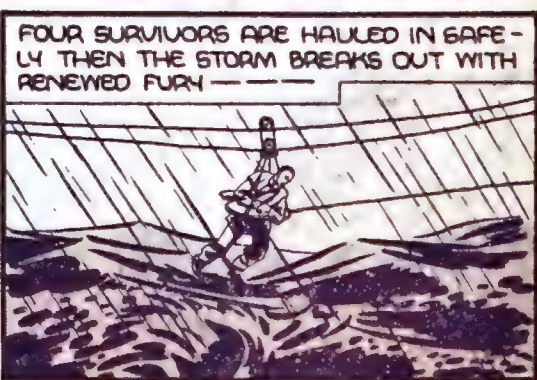
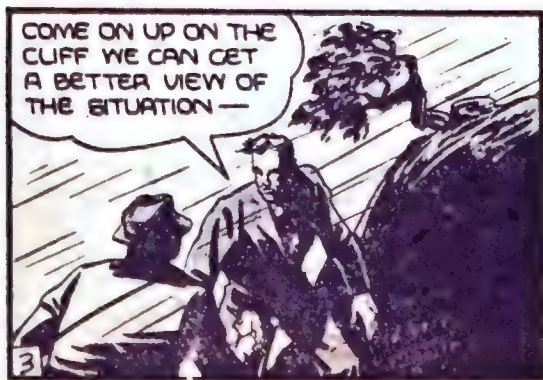
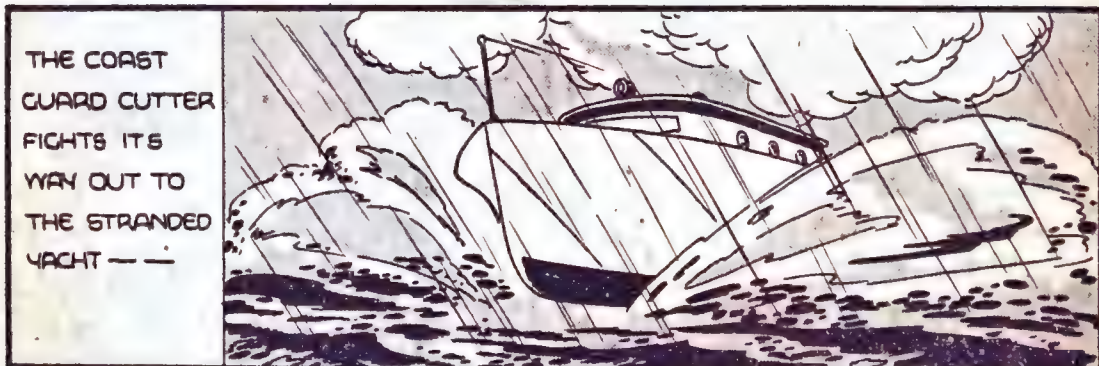
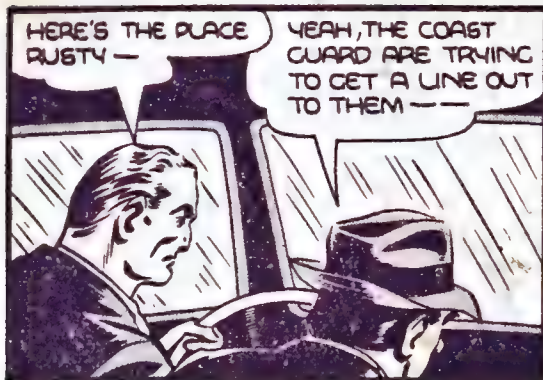
SCOOP ! YOU AND
RUSTY GET UP TO
CONNECTICUT AND
GRAB A STORY AND
SOME PICTURES !
THE MILLIONAIRE
WENTWORTH'S YACHT
IS STRANDED OFF
THE COAST !!

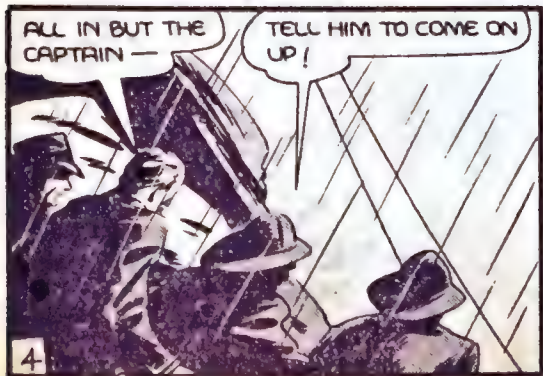


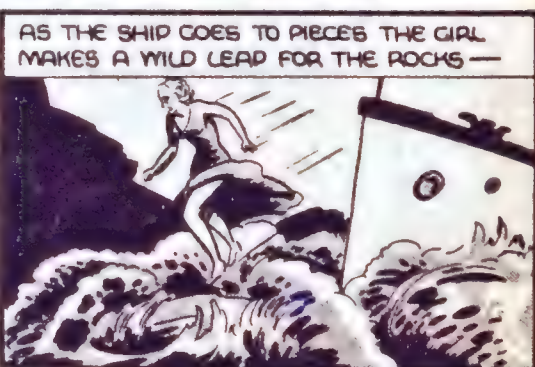
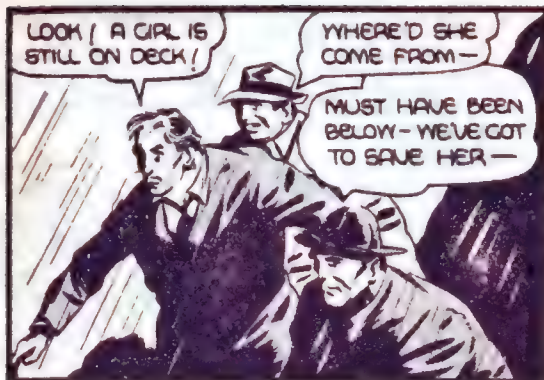
BOY ! WHY DID
HE HAVE TO
PICK A NIGHT
LIKE TONIGHT
TO GET SHIP-
WRECKED !

QUIT BEEFIN, RUSTY —
THIS IS A BREAK FOR
US — —

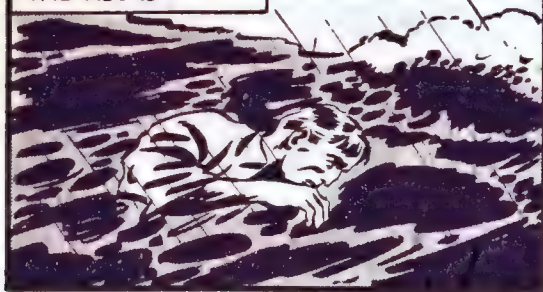








SCOOP COMES TO THE SURFACE AND STRIKES OUT AMIDST THE FOAMING WATERS FOR THE ROCKS —



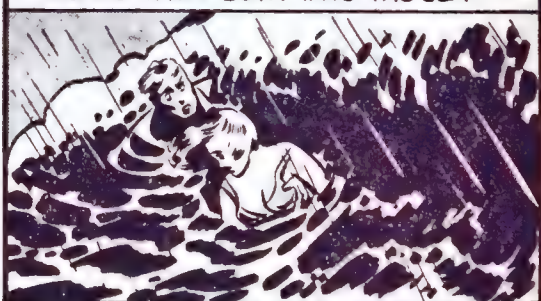
BOY ! MADE IT !
HANG ON TILL I
GET THERE —



SHOOT US A LINE !



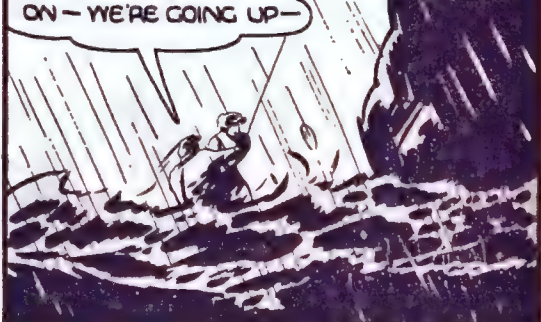
BUT AT THAT INSTANT A HUGE WAVE
WASHES THEM BOTH INTO THE SEA —



THEY COME UP AND CLUTCH AT THE LIFE
LINE —



O.K. NOW HANG
ON — WE'RE GOING UP —



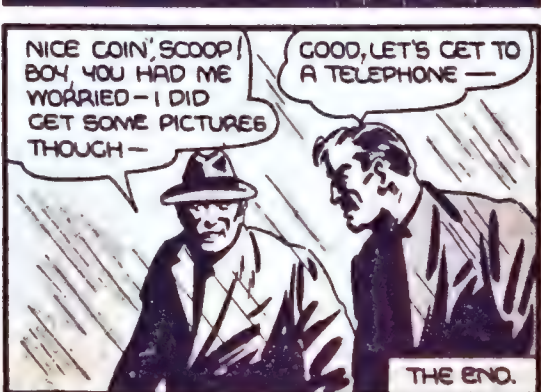
GRAB 'EM ! DON'T
LET 'EM FALL
BACK —

GOOD WORK ! EVERY-
BODY'S SAFE !



NICE COIN', SCOOP !
BOY, YOU HAD ME
WORRIED — I DID
GET SOME PICTURES
THOUGH —

GOOD, LET'S GET TO
A TELEPHONE —



THE END.

"PEP" MORGAN

BY GENE BAXTER

PEP MORGAN HAS JUST RECOVERED FROM AN OPERATION ON HIS RIGHT ARM WHICH HAD BEEN INJURED PLAYING BALL. FROM THE DOCTOR'S POINT OF VIEW THE OPERATION IS A TECHNICAL MASTERPIECE, BUT PEP FINDS HE HAS A "GLASS ARM," ONE OF BASEBALL'S GREATEST HANDICAPS / WILL PEP'S BURNING DESIRE TO REACH THE TOP OVERCOME THIS TERRIFIC OBSTACLE ?



IN THE PRACTICE TRYOUTS PEP SMASHES HIS CONSISTENTLY AGAINST THE LEFT FIELD FENCE !



SOME HITTING, PEP / WE CAN USE SLUGGERS LIKE YOU. WHAT'S YOUR POSITION ?

I'D LIKE TO TRY FOR AN INFIELD POSITION, SECOND BASE OR SHORTSTOP !



MISSED AGAIN !

PEP ISN'T SO HOT IN THE INFIELD. I'LL TRY HIM OUT IN THE FIELD !

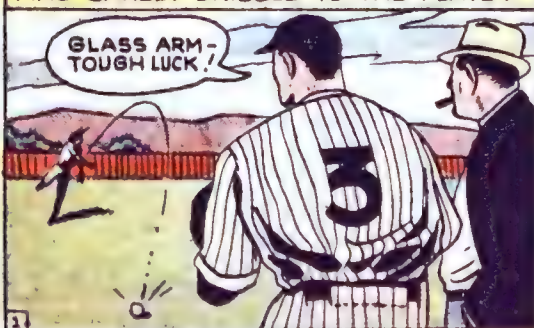


OUT IN THE FIELD PEP PROVES HIMSELF A MASTER AT BALL-HAWKING !



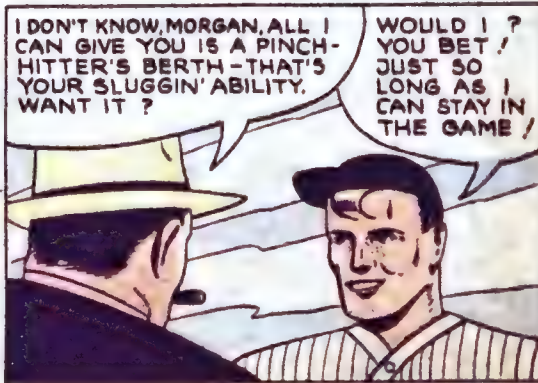
BUT HIS PEGS TO HOME ARE AWKWARD AND BARELY DRIBBLE TO THE PLATE !

GLASS ARM - TOUGH LUCK !



I DON'T KNOW, MORGAN, ALL I CAN GIVE YOU IS A PINCH-HITTER'S BERTH - THAT'S YOUR SLUGGIN' ABILITY. WANT IT ?

WOULD I ? YOU BET ! JUST SO LONG AS I CAN STAY IN THE GAME !



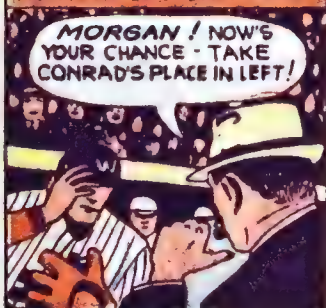
WEEKS LATER DURING A MID-SEASON GAME -



PEP REMEMBERS HIS ACCIDENT OF SEVERAL MONTHS AGO.



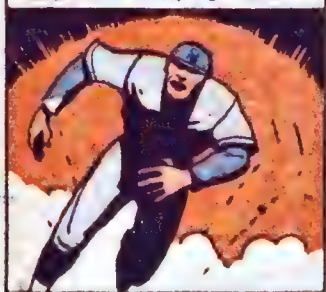
SUDDENLY HE IS AROUSED FROM HIS DAY-DREAMING.



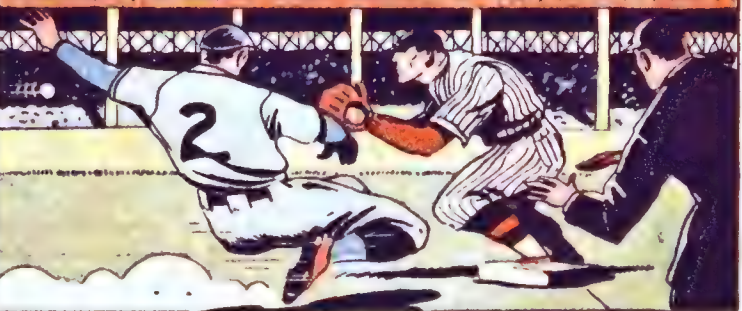
A HIT! THE BALL SOARS HIGH TO BOUNCE OFF THE LEFT FIELD FENCE AND PEP SCOOPS IT UP!



THE RUNNER, ON HIS WAY TO SECOND BASE, LUNGES DESPERATELY BACK TO FIRST!



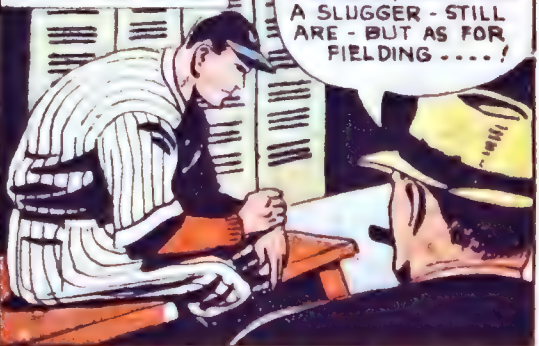
BUT PEP'S THROW IS WEAK AND BARELY REACHES THE SECOND BASEMAN - THE RUNNER EASILY BEATS THE RELAY BACK TO FIRST!

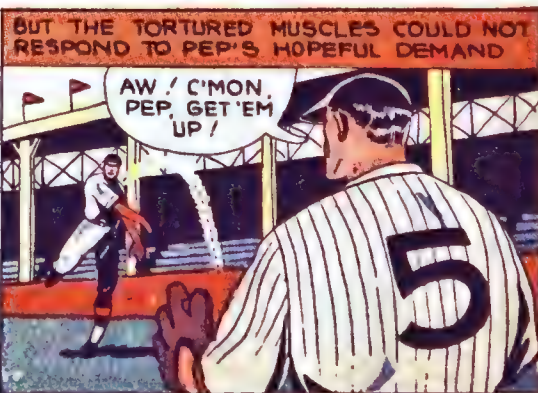
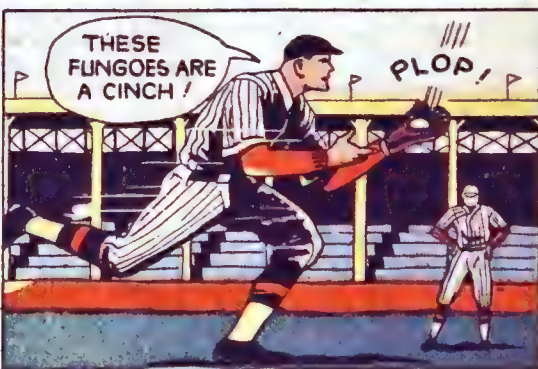
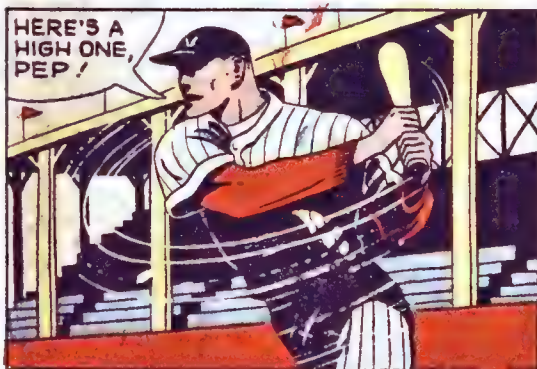
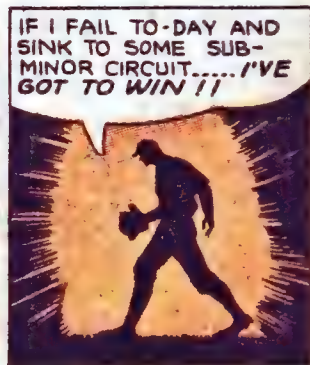
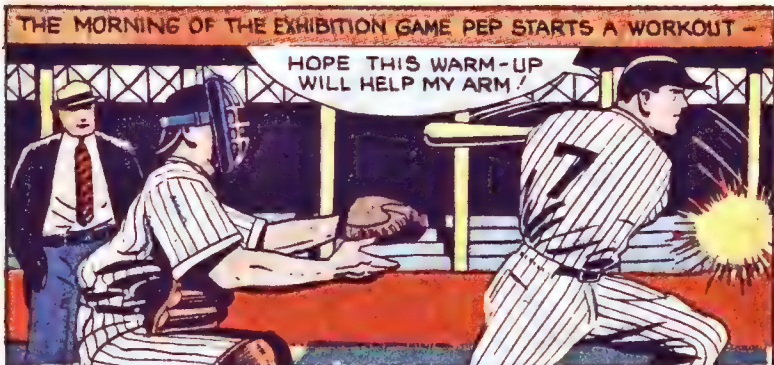
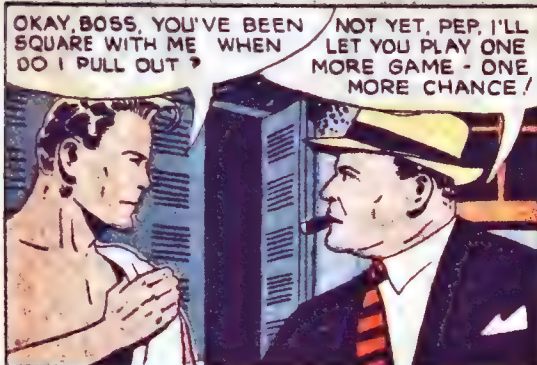


FROM THE STANDS AN OUTRAGED ROAR ASCENDS TO THE SKY -



AFTER THE GAME







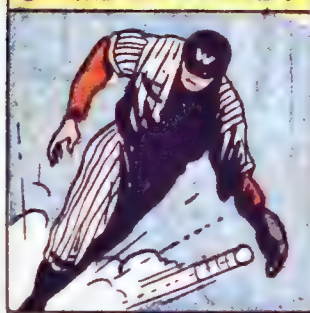
GRITTING HIS TEETH, PEP DETERMINES TO PLAY BASEBALL AND PLAY IT WELL - REGARDLESS OF HIS ARM.



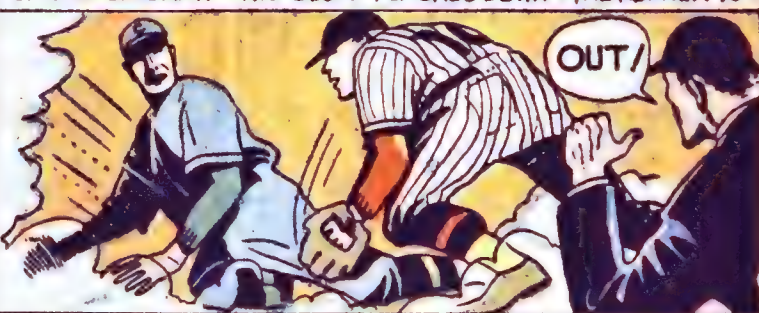
CRACK! THE PILL SMASHES HARD OUT OVER THE THIRD BASEMAN'S HEAD INTO LEFT-FIELD.



PEP SNARES THE BALL ON THE LOW BOUNCE!



STRAIGHT AND SWIFT AS AN ARROW THE BALL SPEEDS TO THE SECOND BASEMAN - HIS GLOVE FLASHES DOWN - THE RUNNER IS -



THE APPLAUSE OF THE ASTONISHED CROWD AND THE PRAISE OF HIS TEAMMATES TELL PEP HE HAS WON HIS BATTLE -

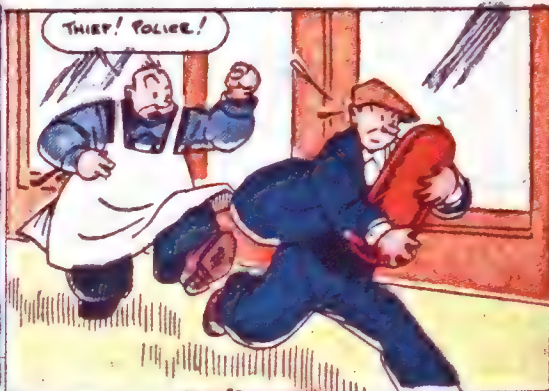


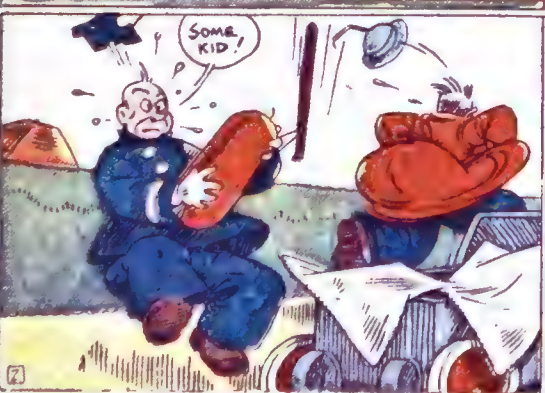
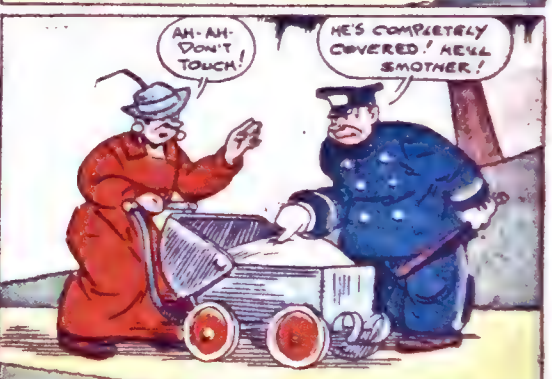
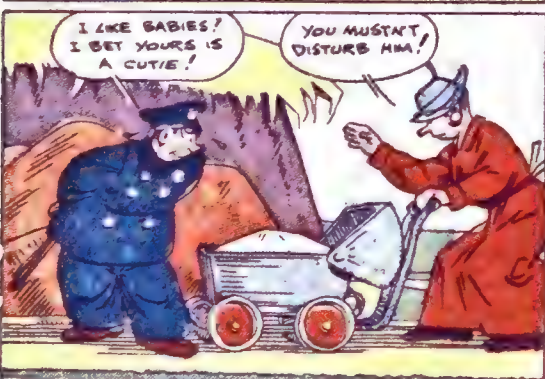
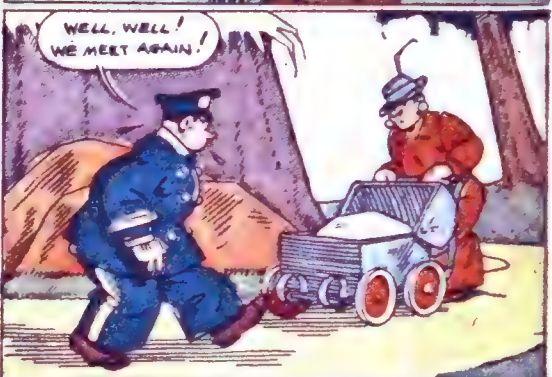
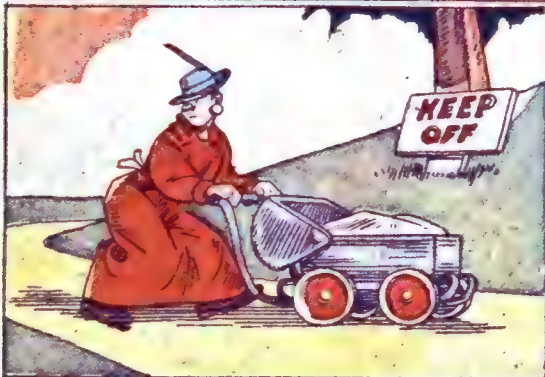
WELL, PEP, YOU DID IT - YOU'RE GOING BACK ON TOP WHERE YOU BELONG!

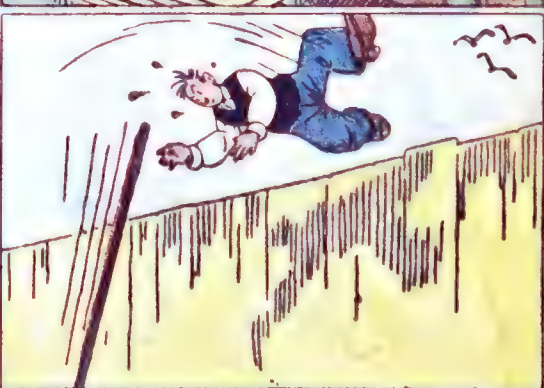
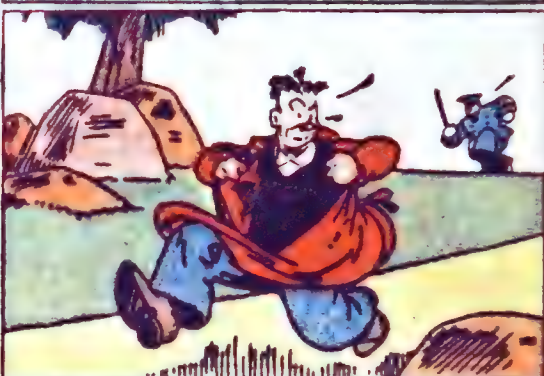
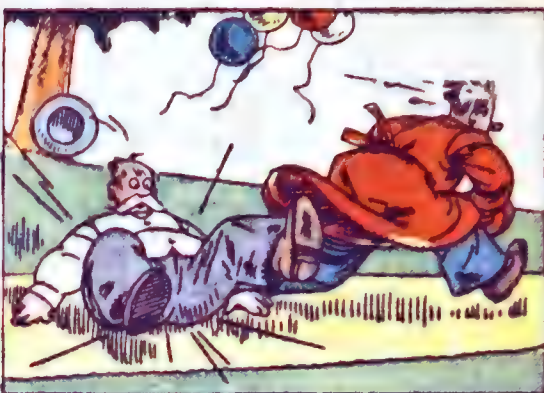


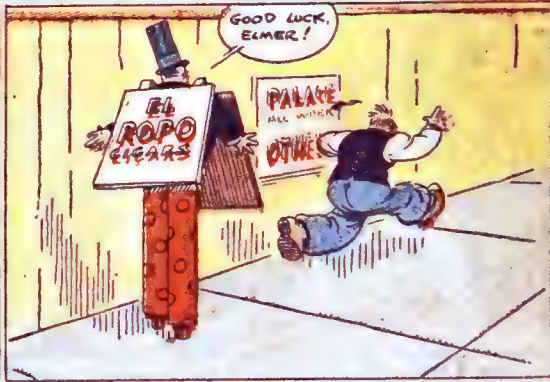
ELMER THE EEL

BY ALGER









The ADVENTURES of
**MARCO
POLO**

ILLUSTRATED by SVEN ELVÉN

BY THE DARING OF THE POLO'S, THE BANDITS FIND THEMSELVES CAUGHT IN THEIR OWN TRAP. THEY ATTEMPT TO RETREAT BUT YOUNG MARCO AND THE KULIES HIGH ABOVE THEM, AGAIN SWING INTO ACTION, TUMBLING MOUNTAINS OF ROCKS ON THEM.

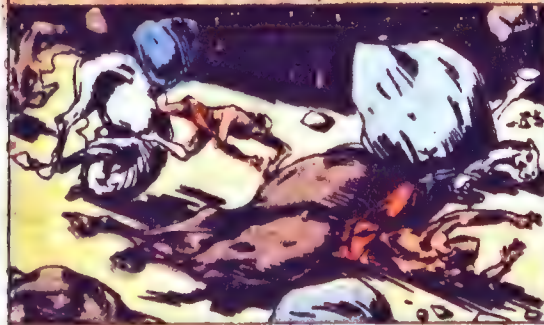
IN COMPLETE PANIC THE BANDITS TURN TO ESCAPE.



WHILE DOWN BELOW THE BARRARI ARE SEIZED WITH TERROR.



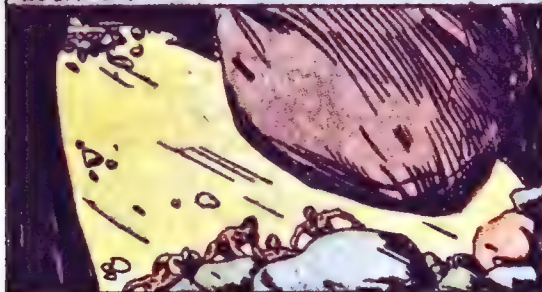
THERE IS A TERRIBLE TOLL OF MANGLED MEN AND HORSES.



MADLY THE FEW SURVIVORS SCRAMBLE OVER THE TUMBLING BOULDERS FOR THE ENTRANCE TO THE PASS.



BUT WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE OPENING, AN ENORMOUS BOULDER COMES TUMBLING DOWN, CLOSING UP THE LAST AVENUE OF ESCAPE.



A ROPE IS LET DOWN TO THE BANDITS.

SAHIB, THEY ARE CRYING FOR MERCY.

SO, THE RATS ARE PIPING A DIFFERENT TUNE NOW.



LOWERED TO THE REST OF THE PARTY THE CAPTIVES ARE AGAIN BOUND. THEN THE KULIS DESCEND.



LOOK' NIKU, THERE ARE STILL A FEW NOT DEAD. LET US HAUL THEM UP AND HOLD THEM AS HOSTAGES.

SAHIB MARCO, YOU ARE A GOOD GENERAL



REACHING THE LEDGE EACH PRISONER IS BOUND SECURELY.

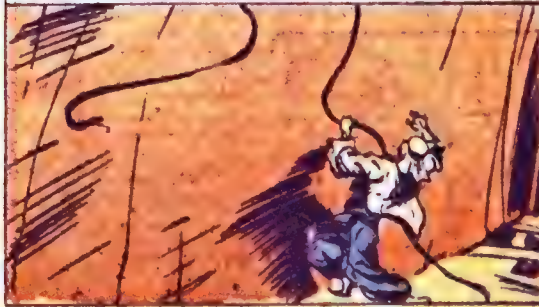
A FALSE MOVE AND YOU WILL ALL BE PITCHED OVER THE LEDGE.



THE LITTLE PARTY WITH THEIR PRISONERS INCH ALONG THE PERILOUS ROCK WALL TO WHERE THE OLDER POLES AWAIT THEM BELOW.



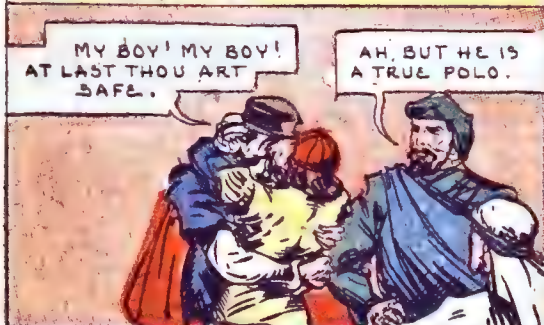
AS NIKU NEARS THE GROUND THE ROPE SNAPS, LEAVING MARCO PERCHED HIGH ON THE MOUNTAIN LEDGE.



MARCO, MAROONED ON THE CLIFF, SWINGS HIMSELF OVER THE DANGEROUS LEDGE, CLINGING DESPERATELY TO THE SHARP ROCK.



FINALLY CUT AND BLEEDING, HE DROPS INTO THEIR MIDST.



MY BOY! MY BOY!
AT LAST THOU ART
SAFE.

AH, BUT HE IS
A TRUE POLO.

JUBILANTLY THE LITTLE BAND CHEERS MARCO FOR HIS DARING FEAT.



NO, NIKU, IT IS NOT MONEY WE WANT BUT SAFE PASSAGE THROUGH THIS VERY DANGEROUS COUNTRY COME, WE WILL SPEAK WITH THE PRISONERS WE HAVE BETTER TERMS TO OFFER.



BELOW, THE ONLOOKERS GASP AS THEY SEE HIM STRUGGLE FROM CRAG TO CRAG WITH SCARCE A FINGER HOLD TO CLING TO.



NIKU IS TOLD TO QUESTION THE CAPTIVES.

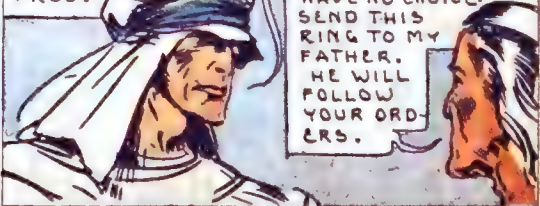


WHAT DOES
HE SAY,
NIKU?

SAHID, HE SAY HE IS
SON OF OLD BASARRI
CHIEF. THEY WILL PAY
MUCH RANSOM FOR HIS
LIBERTY.

NIKU TRANSLATES THE TERMS OF THE PRISONERS LIBERATION.

IF WE ARE IN ANY WAY MOLESTED BY YOUR BAND YOUR LIFE SHALL BE FORFEIT. BUT IF WE GAIN THE PLATEAU OF IRAN UNHINDERED YOU SHALL BE SET FREE.



I, SON OF SHAHAR,
HAVE NO CHOICE.
SEND THIS
RING TO MY
FATHER.
HE WILL
FOLLOW
YOUR ORD-
ERS.

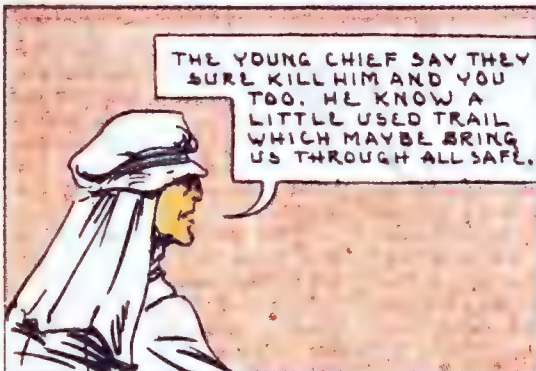
ONE OF THE CAPTIVES IS RELEASED AND SENT TO THE TRIBE'S CAMP WITH THE MESSAGE AND THE RING.



AS THEY APPROACH A SECOND MOUNTAIN RANGE THE CAPTIVES WARN OF MEETING WITH THE OGUDU TRIBE, THEIR ENEMY, A FIERCE AND MURDEROUS TRIBE.



THE YOUNG CHIEF SAY THEY SURE KILL HIM AND YOU TOO. HE KNOW A LITTLE USED TRAIL WHICH MAYBE BRING US THROUGH ALL SAFE.



WE MUST MOVE WITH THE GREATEST CARE. COME, NIKU, CALL THE YOUNG MAN OVER. TOGETHER WE WILL PLAN OUR NEXT STEP

PERHAPS, FATHER, THIS IS ONLY A RUBE.



HE SAY IF WE WISH TO LIVE HE MUST BE OUR GUIDE.

WE TOO HAVE NO CHOICE. ASSURE HIM IF HE TRIES TO BETRAY US HE IS A DEAD MAN. WE SHALL KEEP HIS COMPANIONS TIED UP.



THEY STRIKE CAMP FOR THE NIGHT WITH EVERY ONE BUT THE PRISONERS TAKING TURN AS SENTRY.

I WONDER IF THERE IS TREACHERY IN THIS?

YES, I TOO AM NOT SURE THERE MAY BE DEATH LURKING BEHIND EVERY CRAG.



WITH EVERY MAN ON THE ALERT THE CARAVAN MOVES WITH THE UTMOST CAUTION THROUGH THE MENACING COUNTRY.



SOUTH SEA STRATEGY

By

Captain Frank Thomas



SYNOPSIS: Bret Coleman and his assistant, Cottonball, on their way to Singapore after a successful trading voyage through the tropical islands of the South Seas, happens to rescue one Samuel Newton. The saved man tells Bret Coleman the horrible details of the native uprising that had taken place the previous night. He relates further that the bloodthirsty natives had killed his housekeeper and kidnaped his daughter, Merna. Newton appeals to Coleman for assistance and Bret promises to do his utmost to help free the elderly man's daughter.

THE silver crescent of the moon rode higher in the heavens and the molten waters lapped softly alongside the anchored

Aruba. Fifty yards away the shore of the islands was faintly silhouetted against the star-speckled sky.

All was serene and quiet and Bret Coleman found it difficult to believe that only the night before the natives had suddenly overrun the island, leaving in their wake smouldering ruins and bloodshed. Nevertheless, it was all too true and Samuel Newton, who was now resting down in the cabin, bore witness to this fact.

Bret sat on the railing looking landward and by his feet squatted Cottonball. Neither one spoke but both were listening intently for something they were certain they would hear. And then above the sound of the surf breaking on the shore it came . . . the muffled and distant beat of tom-toms!

"There they are," said Bret. "That means those bloodthirsty natives have started another one of their murderous parties!"

"Yo' done spoke de truth, Cap'n Bret," replied Cottonball, and Coleman thought he detected the chattering of the negro's teeth. "When dose boys has parties dey sho' do get nasty!"

"They're brutal savages and to think they have Newton's daughter!" Coleman clenched his fist and the lines around his mouth hardened. "Those drums will tell us where they are, so let's get moving, Cottonball."

"Yas suh," answered the negro, jumping to his feet.

Coleman lead the way down into the cabin. They passed the couch upon which the elderly trader and missionary was now sound asleep,

and opened the small door leading to the forward hold. Bret dug his arms into an oblong box and pulled out several long objects that resembled Roman candles. He took a dozen or more and piled them into the arms of Cottonball.

"What yo' all gonna do wif dese flares, Cap'n Bret?" asked the puzzled assistant.

"Plenty," replied Coleman, grimly. "Just hang onto them and follow me."

They tip-toed back passed Newton and up onto the deck. Coleman swung the dory over the rail and lowered it. When it struck the water, he released the rope and then he and Cottonball leaped in. Quietly, so as not to disturb the sleeping Newton, they dipped the oars into the water. Five minutes later the bottom of the boat scraped the sandy shore.

Bret and Cottonball pulled the dory up and made it fast to the trunk of a small palm. They walked along the beach for some distance and then halted. Once again rolled the echoing beats of the drums, this time seemingly nearer.

"They came from that direction," said Coleman, pointing toward the black interior of the island. They turned abruptly and headed into the thick underbrush, Bret leading the way. They cut and hacked a passage through the snarled vines and wild grass and with every step the sound of the tom-toms grew louder and clearer. Finally Bret halted and above the pounding of the drums they could hear the shouting and screeching of many voices. The tumult was



savage and blood-chilling and Bret guessed the reason.

PEERING through the folds of a thickly-leaved bush, Coleman and his assistant gazed into a large clearing. The place was brilliantly lighted by numerous bonfires and at the far end was a huge, wooden statue of a god. A small dais and a crudely fashioned altar had been built directly in front of the heathen diety and on the platform stood a group of the more colorfully costumed savages, evidently the priests and the witch-doctors.

"Seems as if we're just in time, Cottonball," whispered Bret. "Take a look at the altar!"

Cottonball did and whistled

bewilderment.

Bret crawled forward and reached the base of the statue. He thanked his lucky stars that it had been erected at the edge of the clearing and not in the center, for the deep shadows hid him from the natives. Cottonball followed close behind.

The back of the statue was roughly carved and Bret had little difficulty in climbing it. He only feared that one of the savages would detect him. He halted his movement near the peak of the edifice and extended his hand down to Cottonball beneath him. The negro held up several of the flares and Bret, taking them, placed them in various small niches in the expansive back of the god. He

Bret lost no time. Swiftly he leaped down from his perch and dashing to the altar in front of the statue, severed Merna Newton's bonds. The amazed expression on the girl's face changed to one of relief and she hurriedly followed Bret as he lead her from the dais.

They met Cottonball and together the three made off into the blackness of the underbrush.

"We'll have to step on it!" said Bret. "Those flares'll only last another minute or so!"

They came out on the beach and raced along the sands to where the dory was tied. Cottonball cut the rope and shoved the small boat into the surf. Breathless minutes later they pulled alongside the anchored *Aruba* and in no time,



softly. For bound hand and foot on the wooden structure was a white girl, Merna Newton!

Coleman motioned his negro assistant to follow and started creeping to the left. Many minutes later they had encircled the clearing and now found themselves behind the enormous statue of the god.

The screams and shouting of the natives had become increasingly louder and Coleman saw that most of them were gathered in front of the altar, brandishing knives and spears. There was no mistaking the purpose of the whole ritual. Merna Newton was to be sacrificed to their pagan god!

"Hand me those flares when I get to the top," directed Coleman and Cottonball's eyes widened in

continued this process till all the flares had been used save two or three.

"Get ready for the fireworks, old boy!" he whispered down to his assistant. He struck a match and applied it to the wicks of the flares.

TO this day the natives possibly never realized exactly what happened, but the next moment their wooden god became enveloped in a mass of spitting flame and smoke. Balls of fire shot from his back in every direction and the natives, believing this fiery demonstration to be a supernatural omen, dropped their weapons and sank to the ground, burying their faces in the earth.

Bret and Cottonball had the small schooner pointing her nose to the west, her white sails arched in the steady trade winds.

When the elderly Newton awoke several hours later, his daughter was by his side. Tears of joy streamed down his face and he clasped Merna to his bosom.

Up on deck Bret lit his pipe. The moon had traveled its full course and now slowly disappeared into the silvery waters.

"Don't forget to order another box of flares when we reach port, Cottonball," he said. "You can never tell when those things will come in handy."

"Yas suh," replied the negro. "Yo' sho am right!"

THE END

TEX THOMSON

BY BERNARD BAILY

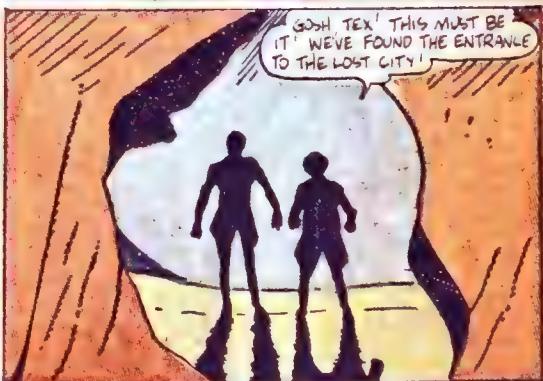
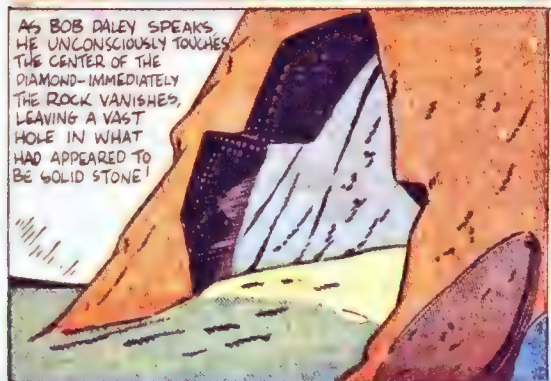
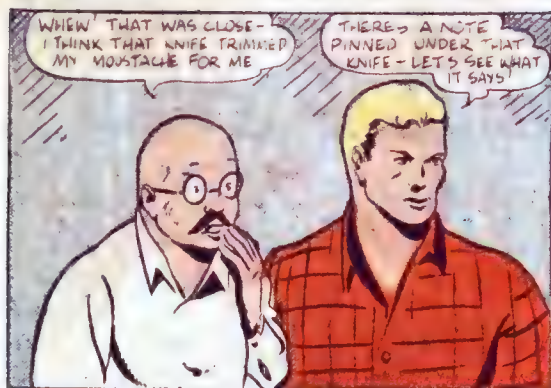
Legend...

ON HIS SEARCH FOR ADVENTURE, TEX THOMSON MEETS AND BEFRIENDS A FELLOW ADVENTURER, BOB DALEY. HAVING HEARD MANY STORIES ABOUT A MYTHICAL CITY THAT WAS CLOSED TO THE WORLD DURING A VOLCANIC ERUPTION, TEX AND BOB DECIDE TO DO A LITTLE RESEARCH ON THE SUBJECT OF THE "SEALED CITY".

AFTER MANY DAYS OF READING AND CHECKING ON THE STORY, THEY BECOME CONVINCED OF ITS AUTHENTICITY. THE SCENT OF ADVENTURE IN THE AIR, TEX FORMS AN EXPEDITION, AND AFTER DAYS OF GATHERING SUPPLIES AND MEN, THEY FINALLY SAIL!

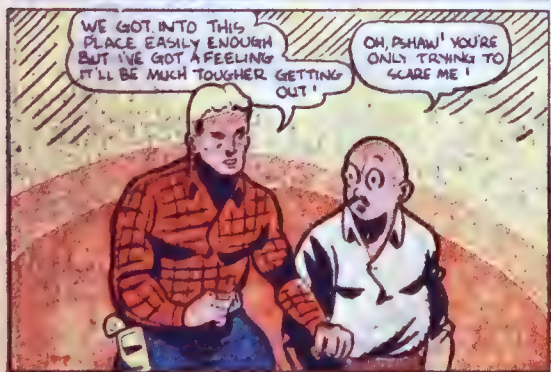
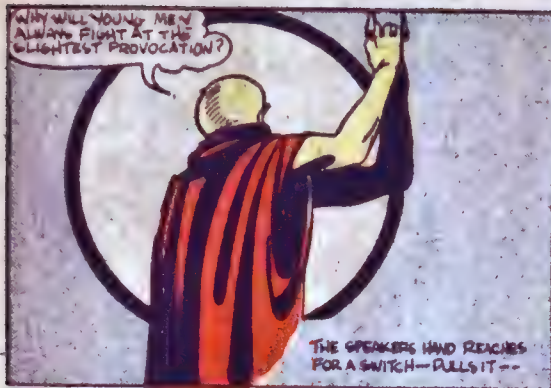
CERTAIN THAT THE ENTRANCE TO THE "SEALED CITY" IS SOMEWHERE IN THE VOLCANIC AREA OF YUKATRAMA, WE FIND TEX AND HIS PARTY HEADED FOR THAT UNKNOWN REGION. THEN, AFTER MANY WEEKS OF TRAVEL, THEY ARE PUT ASHORE. THE NATIVES ARE LEFT TO MAKE CAMP AND TEX AND BOB DECIDE TO SCOUT AROUND AND TRY TO DETERMINE THEIR BEARING. OUR STORY OPENS AT THIS POINT...

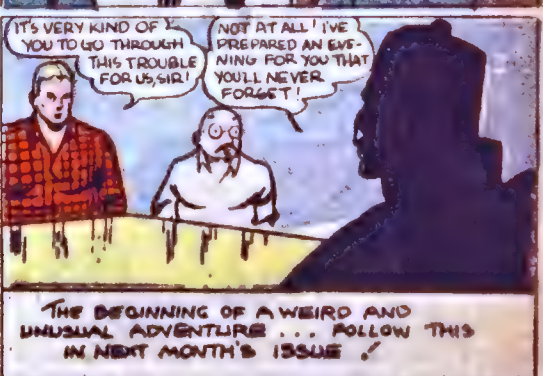
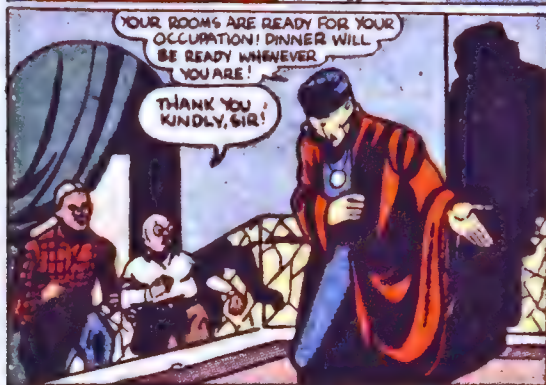
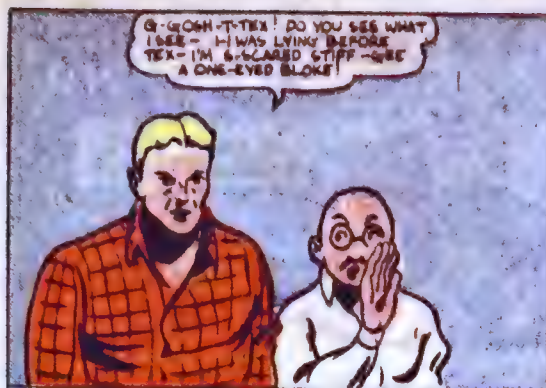






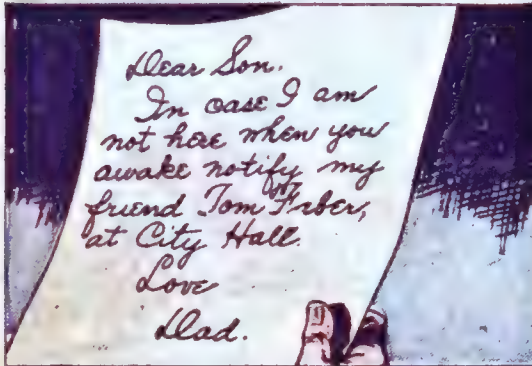






INSPECTOR DONALD AND BOBBY

DAD DIDN'T COME HOME LAST NIGHT

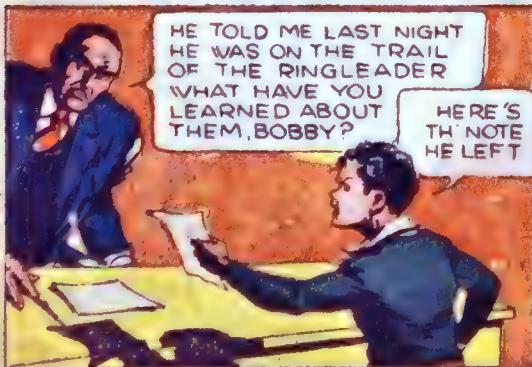


HE MUST BE IN A JAM.
HE SAID HE WAS GOING
TO VINDICATE HIMSELF
LAST NIGHT.



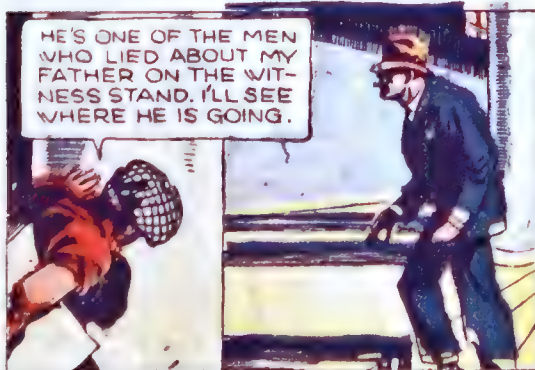
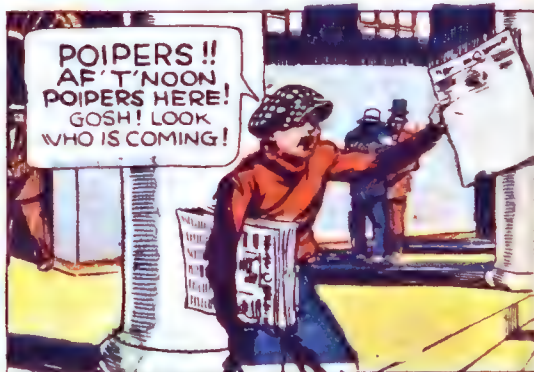
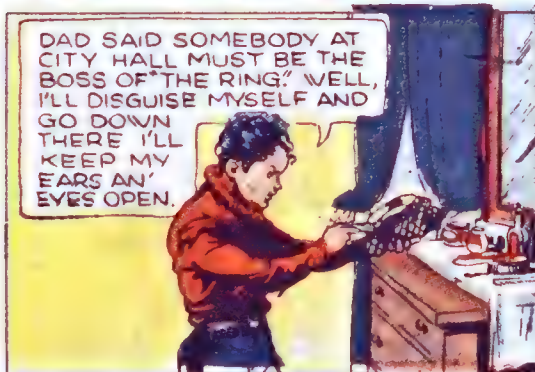
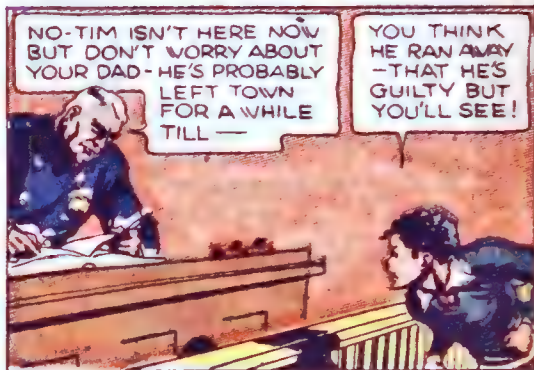
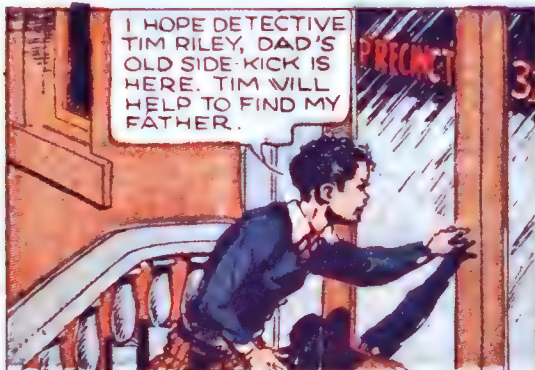
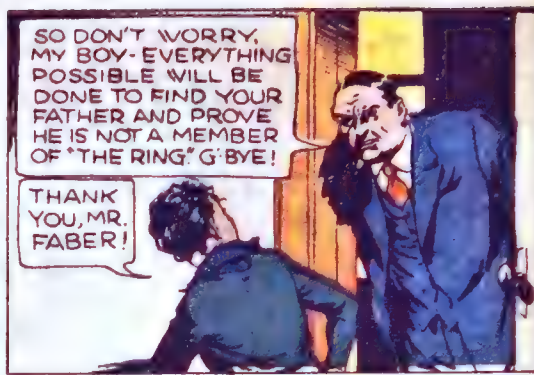
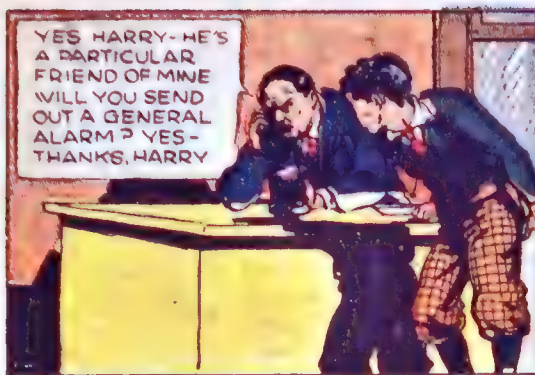
HELLO, BOBBY.
WHY, WHAT'S
THE MATTER,
MY BOY?

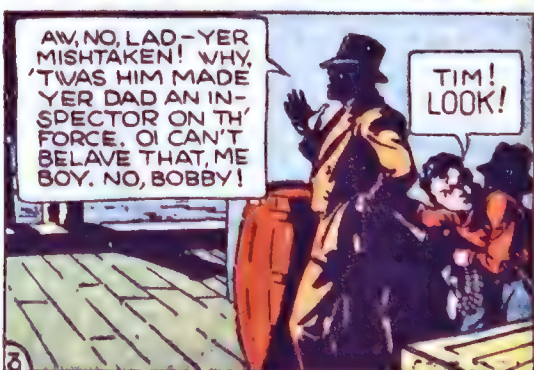
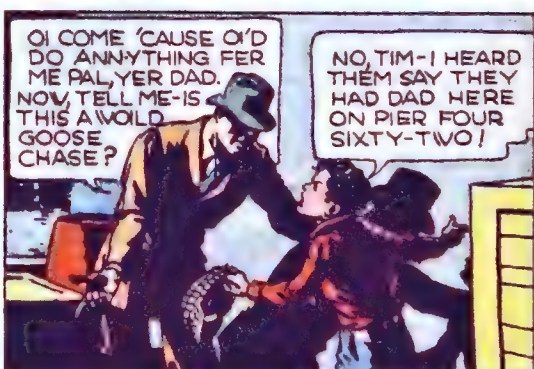
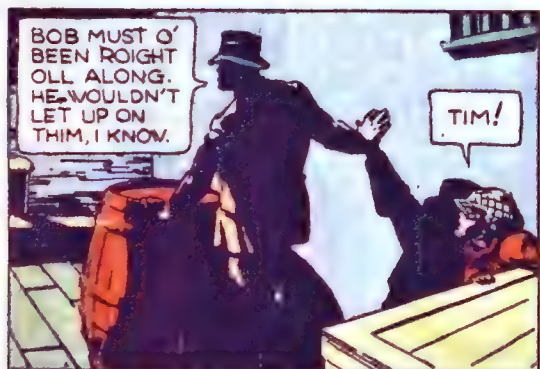
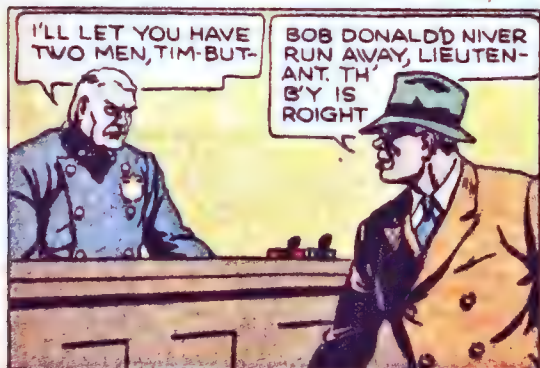
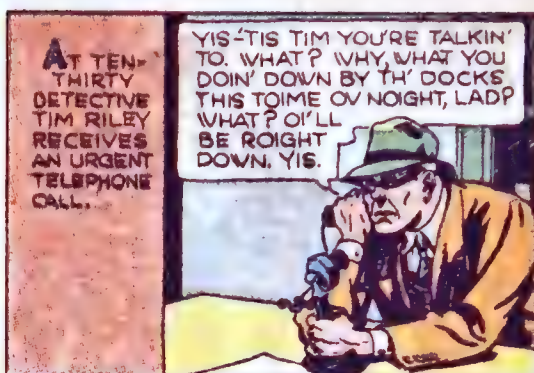
HELLO, MR. FABER. I
THINK THOSE DOPE
SMUGGLERS HAVE
KIDNAPED
MY FATHER!!

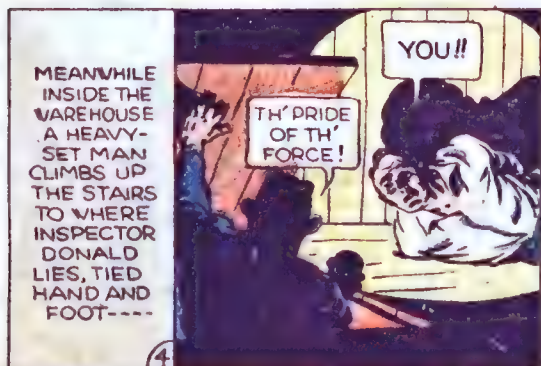
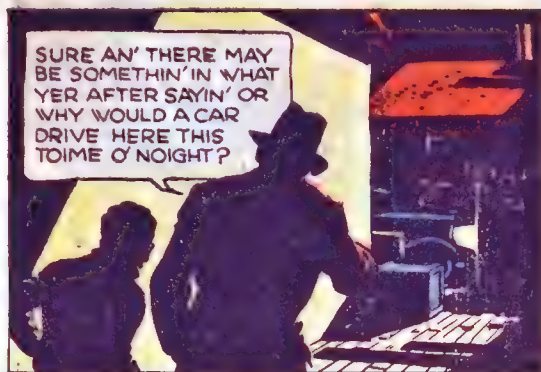


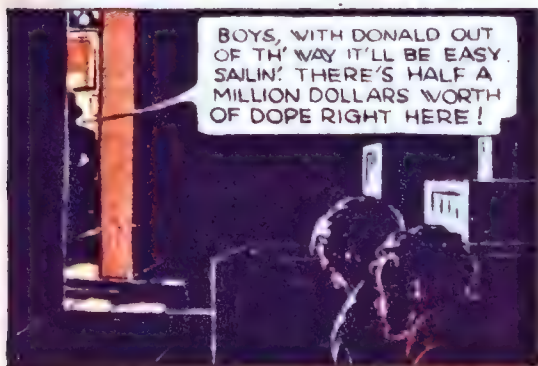
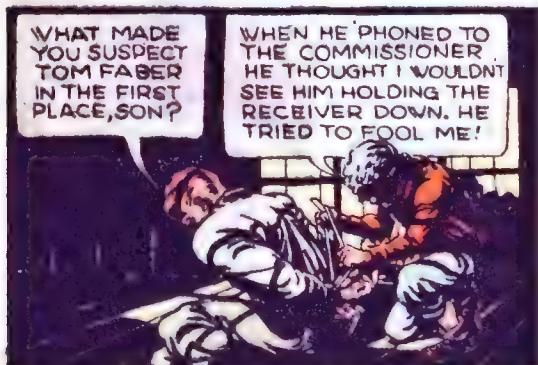
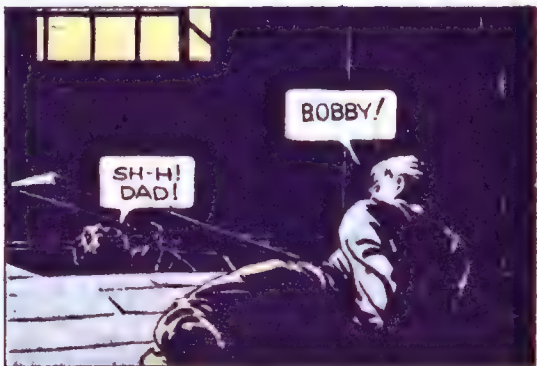
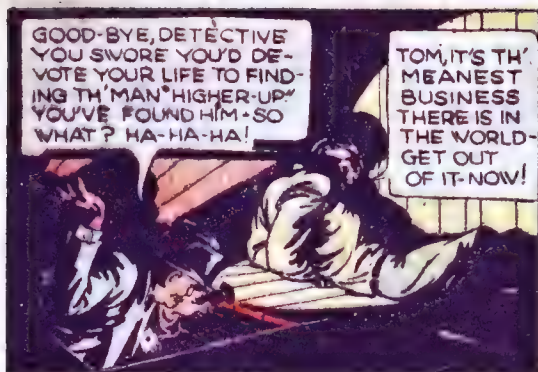
HELLO - POLICE COMMISSIONER?
THIS IS TOM FABER, HARRY -
I WANT A PERSONAL FAVOR BOB
DONALD HAS DISAPPEARED AND

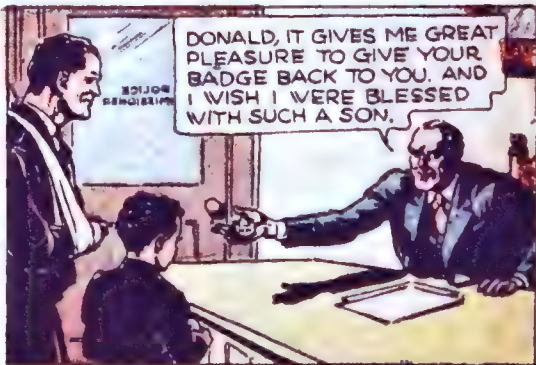
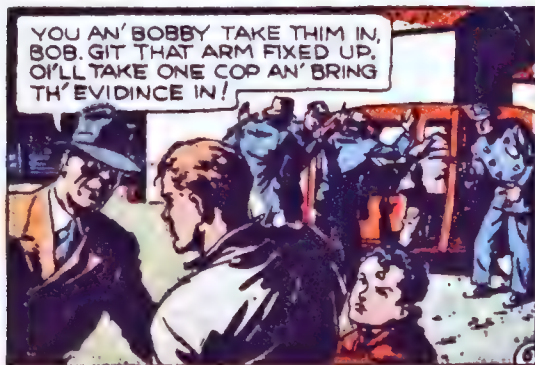
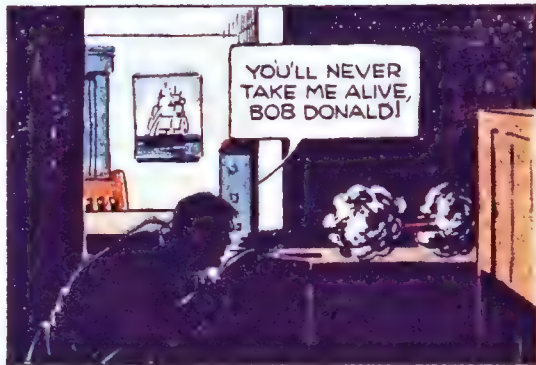
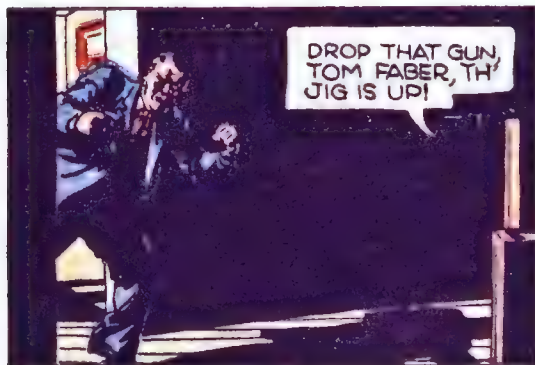
!!!











"CHUCK DAWSON"

BY
H. FLEMING



CHUCK DAWSON IS FELLED BY A BULLET IN A SIDEWALK ENCOUNTER WITH TRIGGER AND BUTCH, HIRELINGS OF JOHN BURWELL, THE OWNER OF THE 4-G RANCH -

WHEN HE REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS, HE FINDS HIMSELF IN A CELL BEHIND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE

CALLING THE KEEPER TO THE BARS, HE OVERPOWERS HIM AND ESCAPES FROM THE CELL.

CHUCK IS ABOUT TO LEAVE THE BUILDING WHEN HE HEARS SOUNDS OF FOOTSTEPS IN THE OUTER OFFICE



TENSELY WAITING FOR THE DOOR TO OPEN, CHUCK GRIPS A GUN IN EACH HAND, READY TO BLAST HIS WAY PAST ANYONE TRYING TO STOP HIM!



I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT!

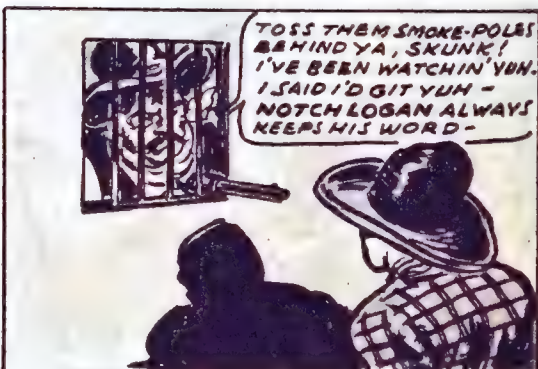


IT SOUNDS LIKE HE'S OUTSIDE THERE, IN THE ALLEY!

PRESENTLY, HE HEARS SOMEONE GOING OUT OF THE DOOR - THEN IN A MOMENT, HE CATCHES THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE -



WONDER IF I CAN SEE ANYTHING OUT OF THAT LITTLE WINDOW



TOSS THEM SMOKE-POLES BEHIND YA, SKUNK! I'VE BEEN WATCHIN' YUH. I SAID I'D GIT YUH - NOTCH LOGAN ALWAYS KEEPS HIS WORD -



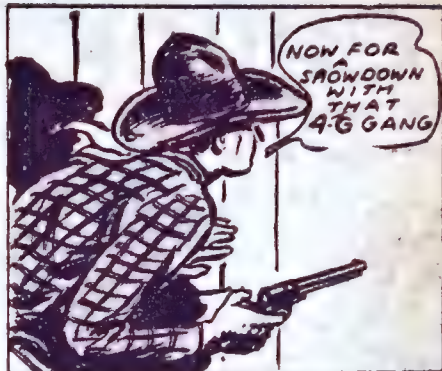
NOW THEN, LIFT 'EM HIGH AN' SAY YORE PRAYERS!

CHUCK'S KNEE TOUCHES THE WOODEN BENCH - HE DUCKS SUDDENLY, GRABS THE BENCH AND SLAMS IT AGAINST THE NARROW WINDOW



SLAM

THE BENCH
BLOCKING
LOGAN'S AIM
FOR A
FRACTION
OF A
MINUTE,
CHUCK
DIVES FOR
THE DOOR,
SNATCHING UP
A GUN
ON THE
WAY —



SENSING
CHUCK'S
PURPOSE,
NOTCH
LOGAN
JUMPS
FROM THE
KEG
HE HAS
BEEN
STANDING
ON AND
DASHES
TO THE
END OF
THE
ALLEY-WAY

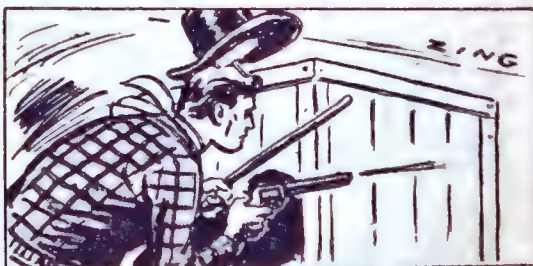


FROM
THE
ALLEY
NOTCH
LOGAN
REACHES
THE
CORNER
AS
CHUCK
DASHES
OUT OF
THE
DOOR —



CHUCK'S KEEN EYES CATCH A GLINT OF
SUNLIGHT ON THE BARREL OF LOGAN'S GUN.
HE DIVES BEHIND A PACKING CASE, A SPLIT
SECOND BEFORE THE CRASH OF THE SHOT

FROM HIS
POSITION
BEHIND
THE BOX
CHUCK
CAN HEAR
THE
RUSH
OF FEET
AS MEN
RUN
TO COVER
AT THE
SOUND
OF
GUN PLAY —



INSTANTLY, CHUCK'S HAT SAILS IN THE
AIR, BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY WITH THE
CRACK OF LOGAN'S GUN, CHUCK SENDS A
BULLET CRASHING AT A BLUR BEHIND THE CASE.

CHUCK
HEARS A
LOUD
GROAN
AS HIS
BULLET
DRIVES
HOME -
LEAPING
TO HIS
FEET
HE RUNS
ALONG
THE SIDE
OF THE
BUILDING -



WHAT'S GOIN'
ON IN THIS
NECK O' THE
WOODS, ANYWAY?



HEARING THE SHOTS, TRIGGER HOLT
RUSHES OUT OF A NEARBY DOORWAY -

TRIGGER
STANDS
WITH
HIS BACK
TO
CHUCK
AS HE
ADVANCES -
SUDDENLY
HE WHIRLS
AROUND
AS HE
HEARS
CHUCK'S
FOOT-STEPS



BEFORE HOLT CAN FIRE HIS GUN, CHUCK
LASHES A ROCK-HARD RIGHT TO HIS CHIN.

I RECKON THAT WILL HOBBLE
YOU FOR A SPELL - GREAT
SCOTT, IT SOUNDS LIKE THE
WHOLE TOWN'S
AFTER ME, NOW!



ABOUT TIME
I WAS AMBLING
ALONG.

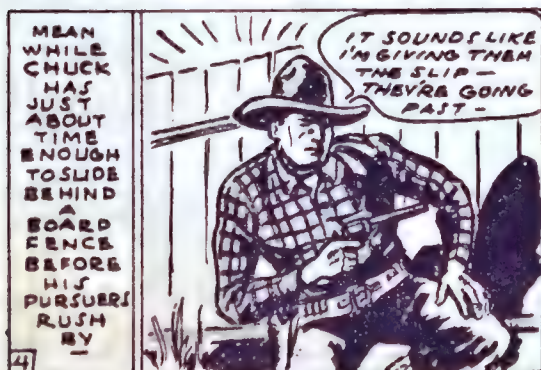
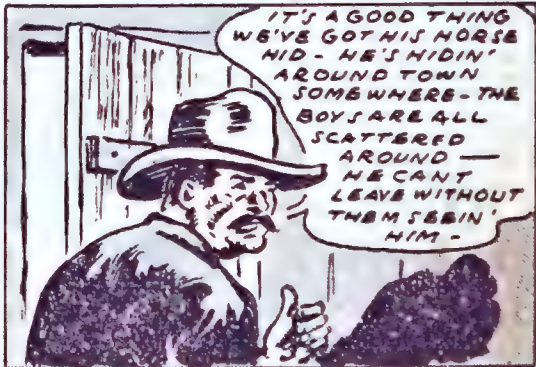
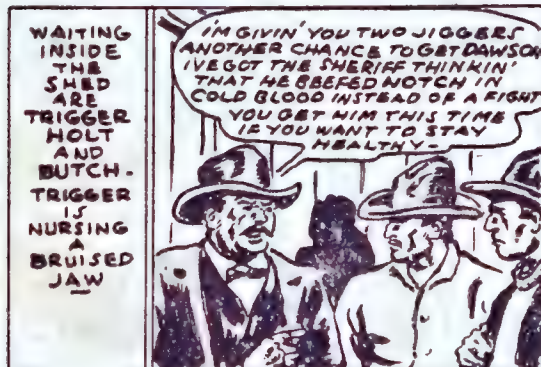
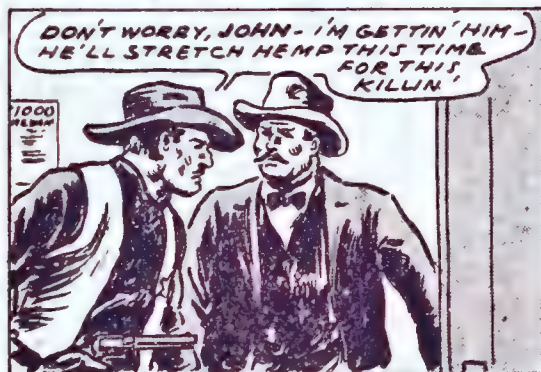
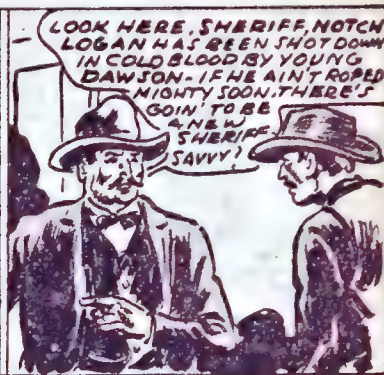
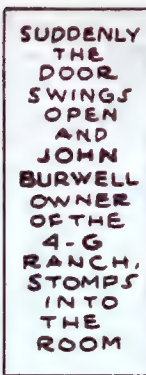
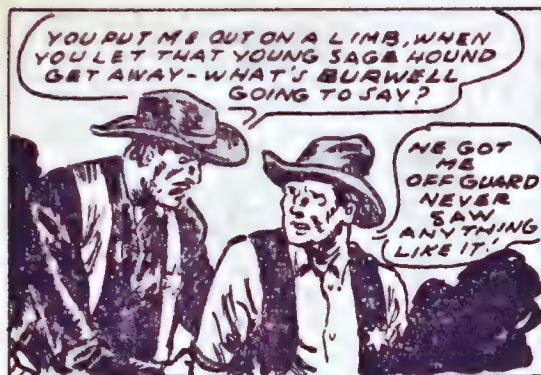


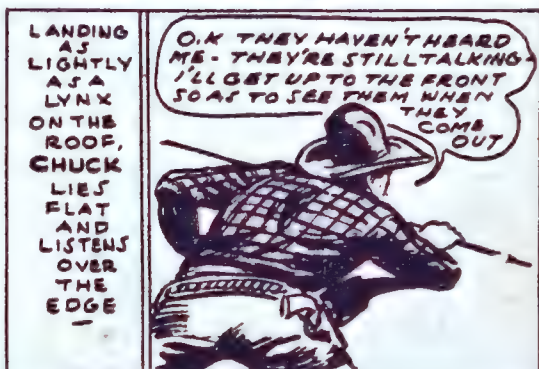
MEAN
WHILE
WHEN
THE
SHERIFF
HEARS
THE
SHOOTING,
HE RUNS
TO THE
JAIL
TO FIND
CHUCK
GONE
AND
THE
DEPUTY
TIED



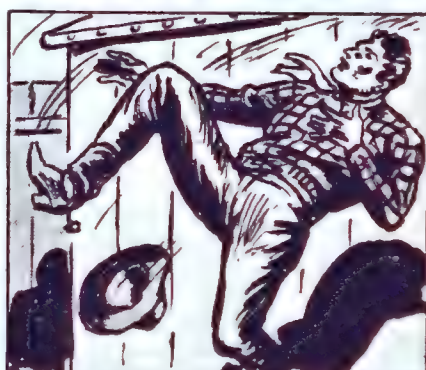
THE DANGED POLE-CAT TIED
ME UP, CHIEF. I'VE
BEEN YELLIN' LIKE A
BULL IN FLY-TIME FER
SOME BODY TO CUT ME
LOOSE



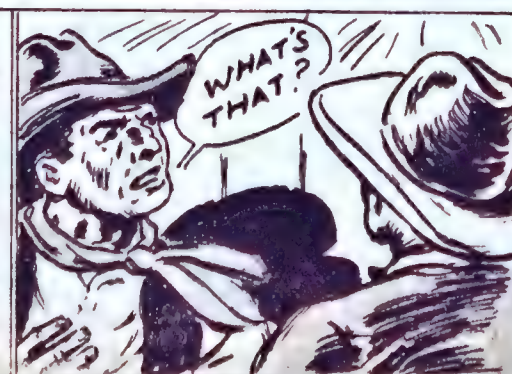




AS
CHUCK
RISES
TO MAKE
HIS
WAY
TO THE
FRONT
OF THE
SHED
HIS
SPUR
CATCHES
ON A
LOOSE
NAIL
AND HE
PITCHES
FORWARD



WITHIN
THE SHED
TRIGGER
AND
BUTCH
SPRING
TO
THEIR
FEET
WHEN
THEY
HEAR
THE
CLATTER
ON THE
ROOF



CHUCK
LANDS
ON HIS
SHOULDERS,
THE FALL
BROKEN
BY
THICKLY
MATTED
GRASS
—
STUNNED
FOR A
MOMENT,
HE LIES
MOTIONLESS
WITH
EYES
CLOSED



JUST THE GENT
I'VE BEEN LOOKIN'
FOR - THIS TIME
HE DONT GIT
AWAY!

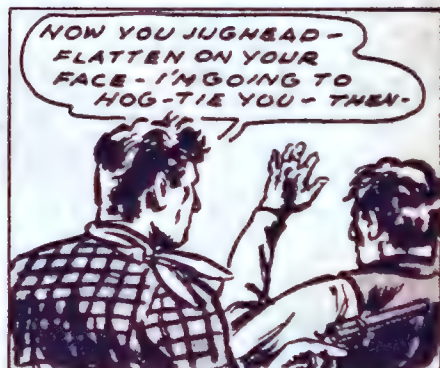
WITH
A
SUDDEN
TWIST
OF HIS
BODY
CHUCK
ROLLS
OVER,
DRAWS
UP HIS
KNEES
AND
DRIVES
HIS
FEET
AT
BUTCH'S
CHIN.



THEN, SUDDENLY, THROUGH HALF-OPENED LIDS, HE SEES THE BULKY FORM OF BUTCH BENDING OVER HIM -

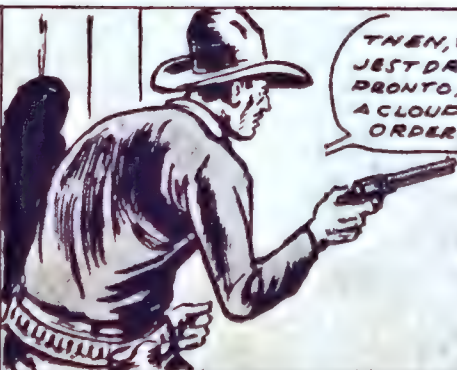


DROP
THAT
KNIFE!



NOW YOU JUGHEAD -
FLATTEN ON YOUR
FACE - I'NGOING TO
HOG-TIE YOU - THEN-

MEAN
WHILE
HEARING
THE
REPORT
OF
BUTCH'S
GUN,
TRIGGER
SEES
CHUCK
AND
CREEPS
UP
FROM
BEHIND



THEN, WHAT - SNAKE?
JEST DROP THAT HOG-LEG,
PRONTO, AND GRAB FER
A CLOUD - I'NGIVIN'
ORDERS HERE!



CONTINUED

ZATARA

THE MASTER MAGICIAN

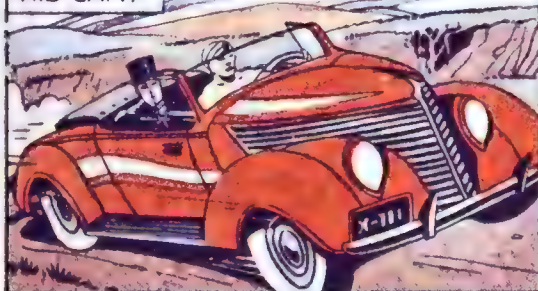
AND THE

HAUNTED FARM

— BY FRED GUARDINEER

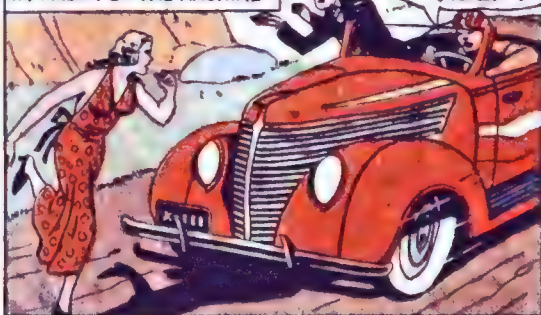


ZATARA IS ON HIS TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES AND TRAVELS CROSS COUNTRY IN HIS CAR.



SUDDENLY A GIRL DARTS IN FRONT OF THE MACHINE-

MASTER-HELP!



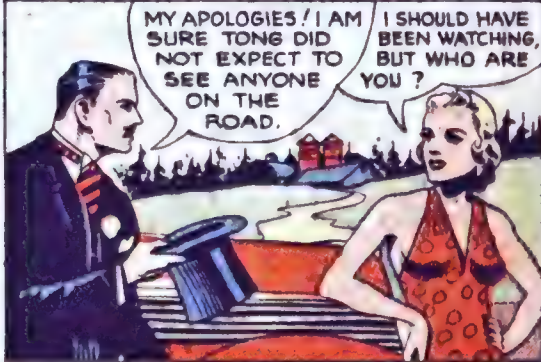
ZATARA GESTURES AND THE GIRL IS SUSPENDED IN THE AIR -



ESIRA, YMYTTERP ENO!

MY APOLOGIES! I AM SURE TONG DID NOT EXPECT TO SEE ANYONE ON THE ROAD.

I SHOULD HAVE BEEN WATCHING, BUT WHO ARE YOU?

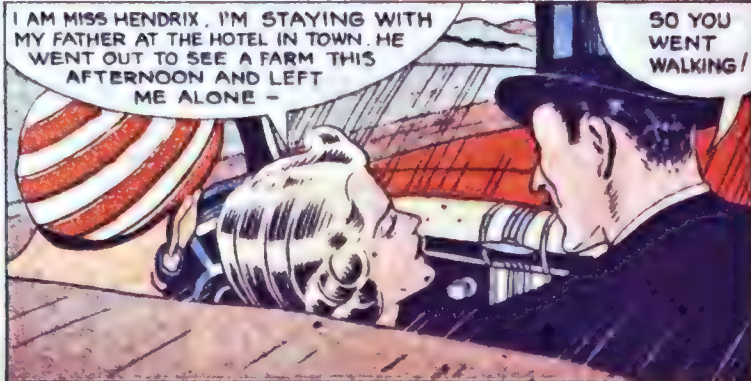


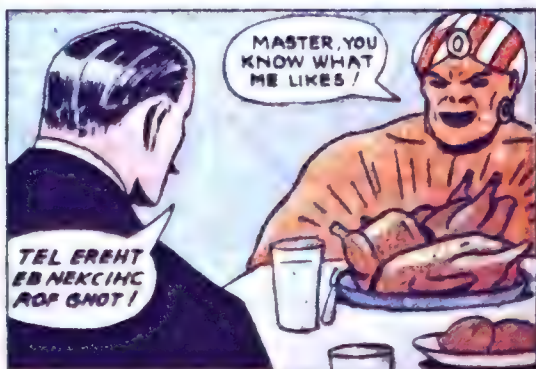
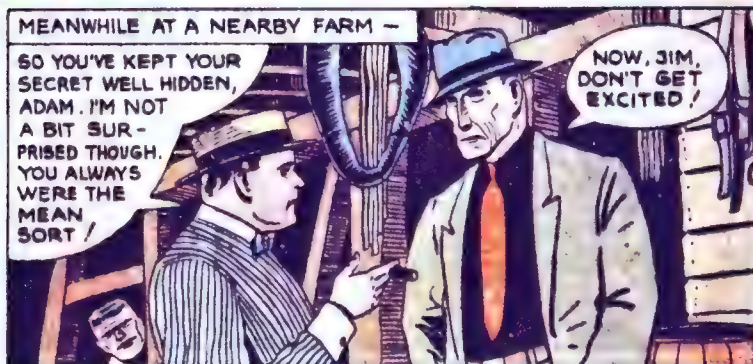
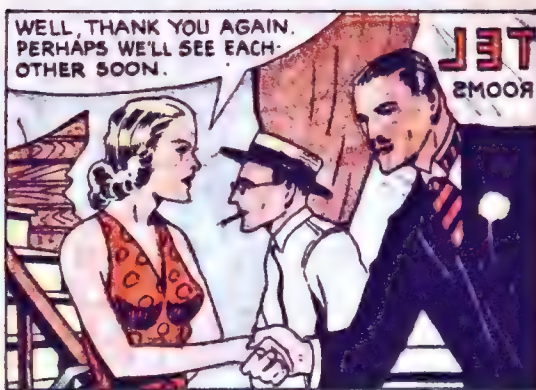
I AM ZATARA, MASTER MAGICIAN. MAY WE ESCORT YOU HOME?

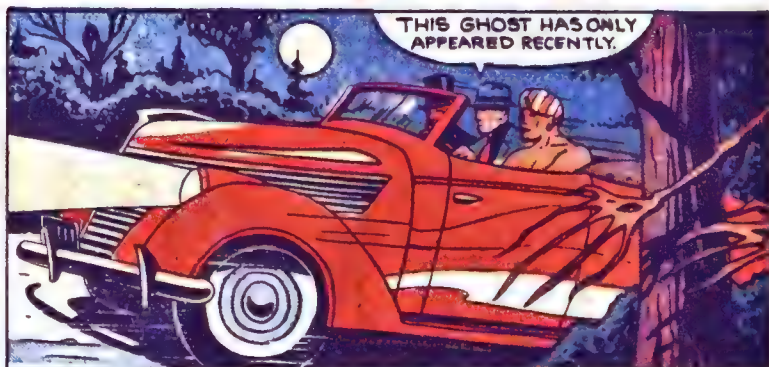
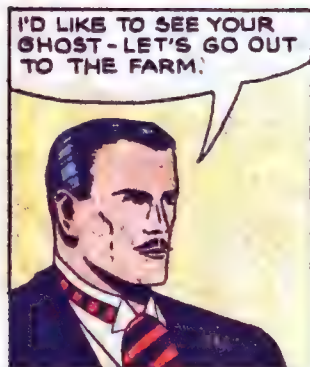
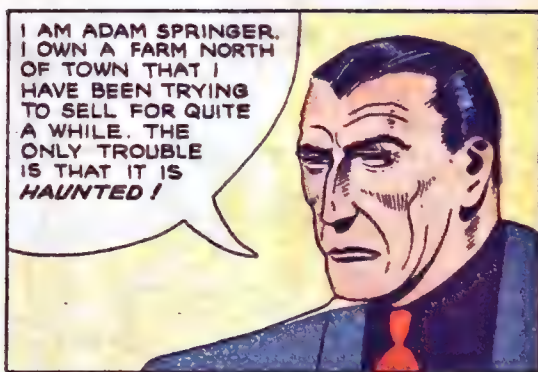


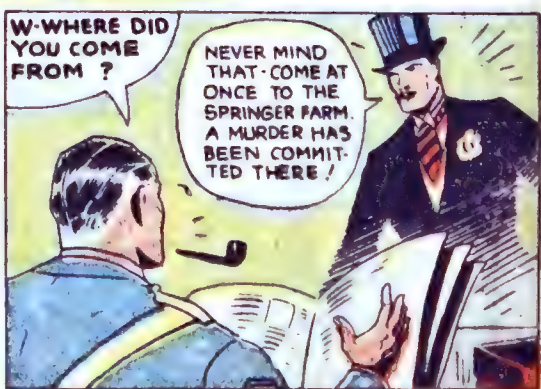
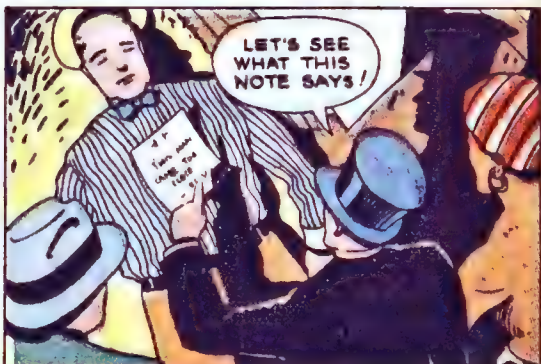
I AM MISS HENDRIX. I'M STAYING WITH MY FATHER AT THE HOTEL IN TOWN. HE WENT OUT TO SEE A FARM THIS AFTERNOON AND LEFT ME ALONE -

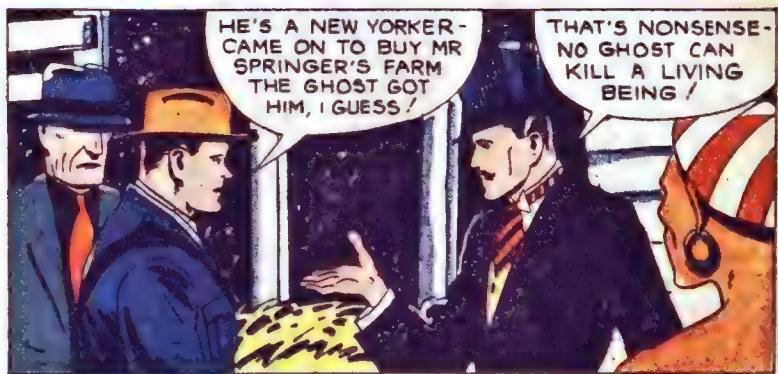
SO YOU WENT WALKING!

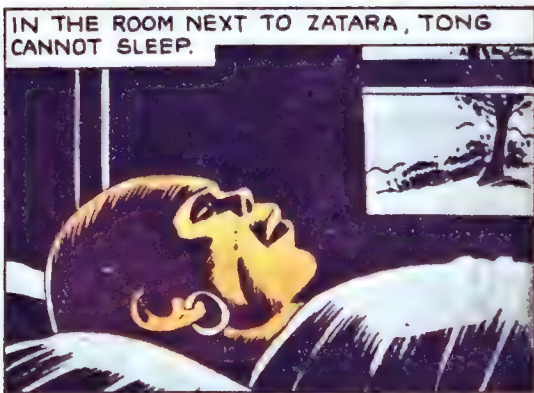
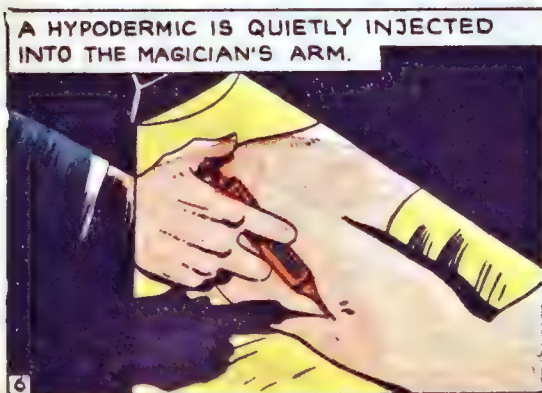
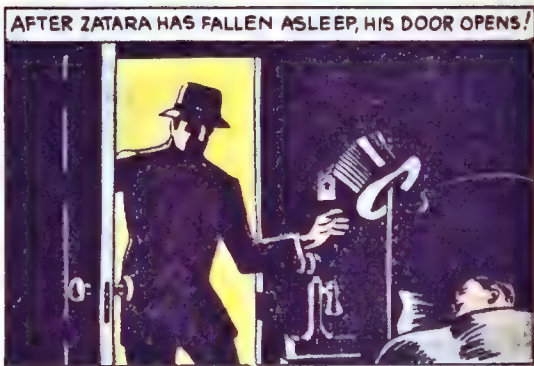


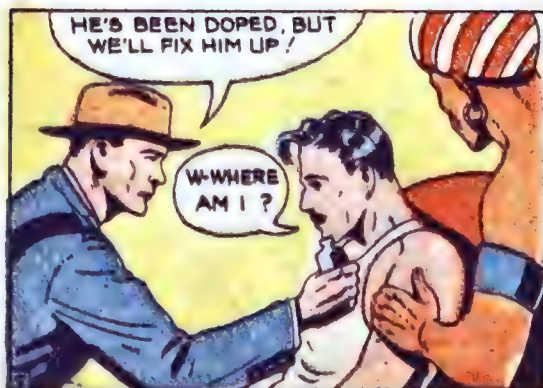
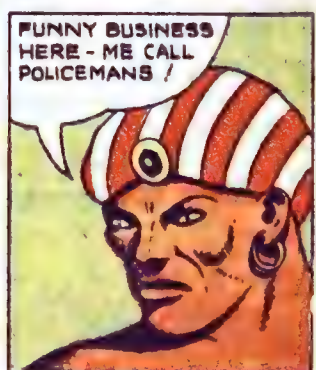
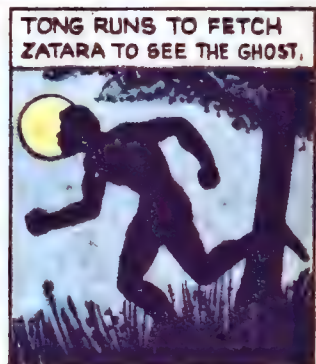
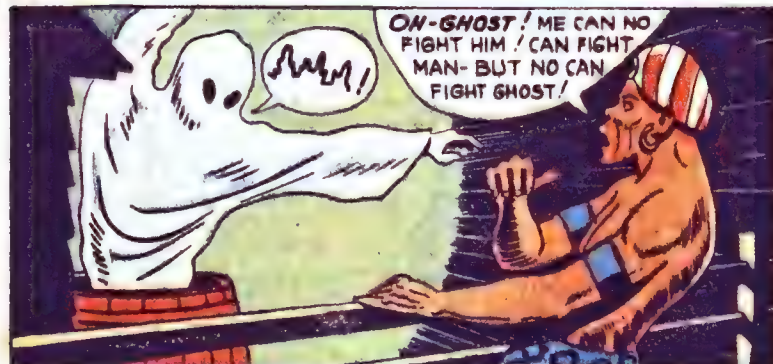


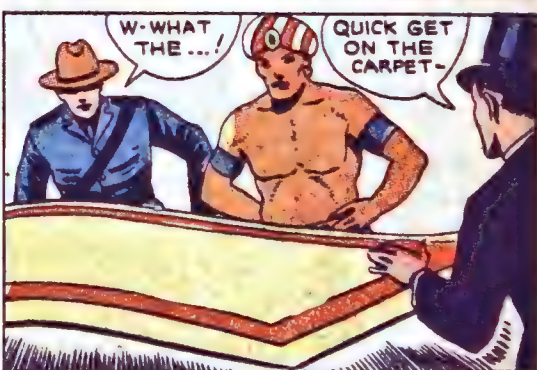
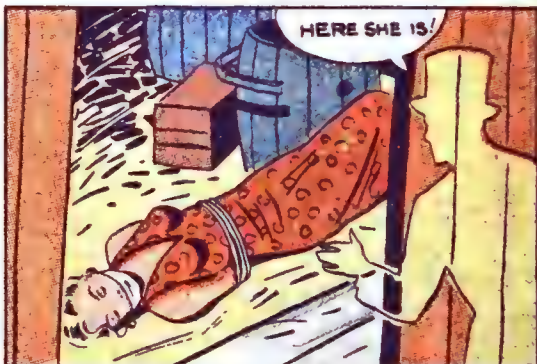
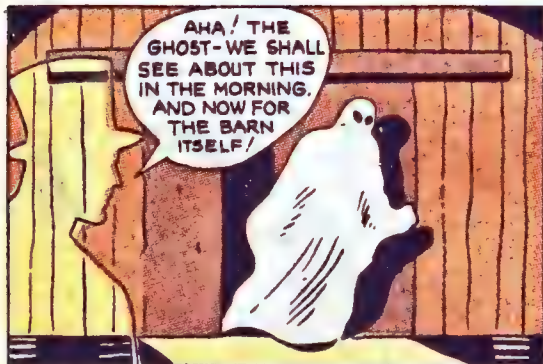


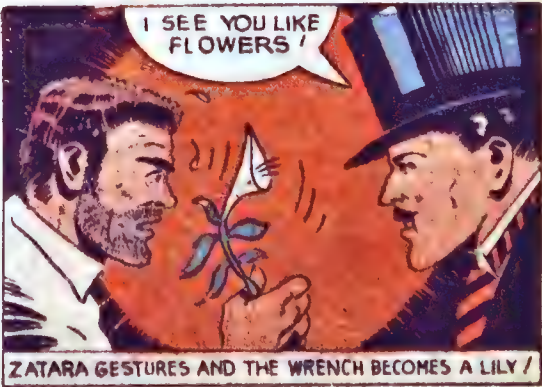
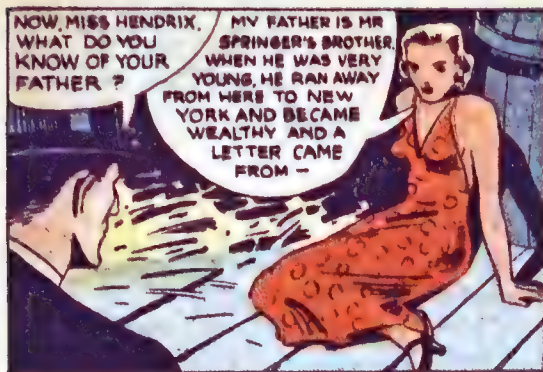


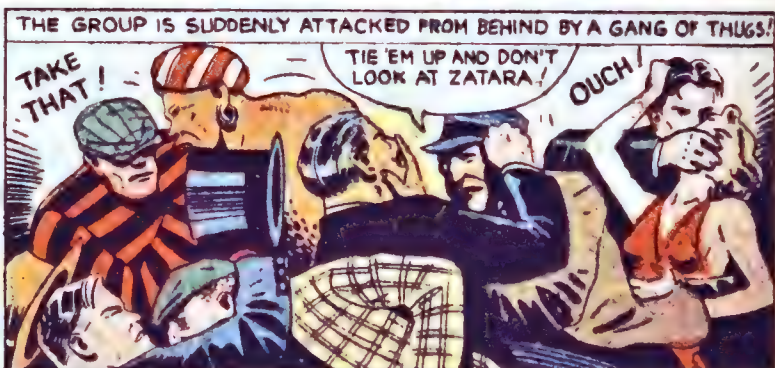
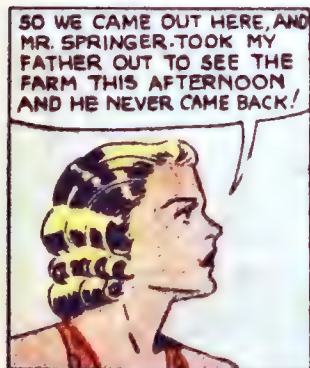
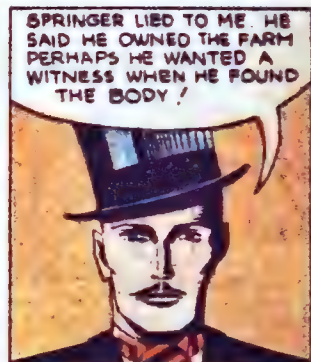
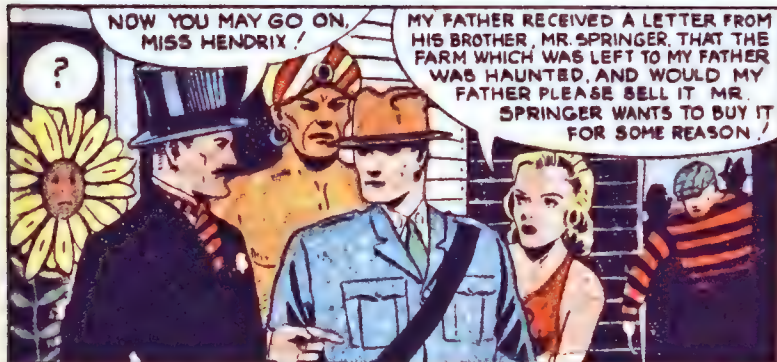
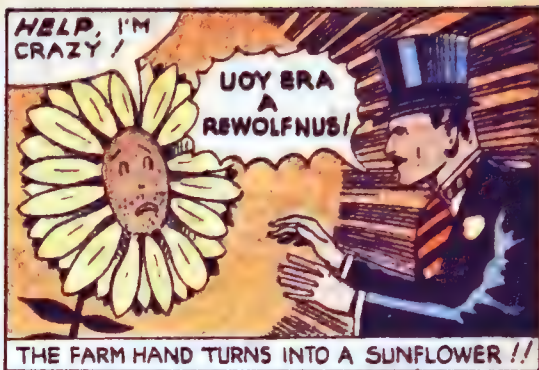
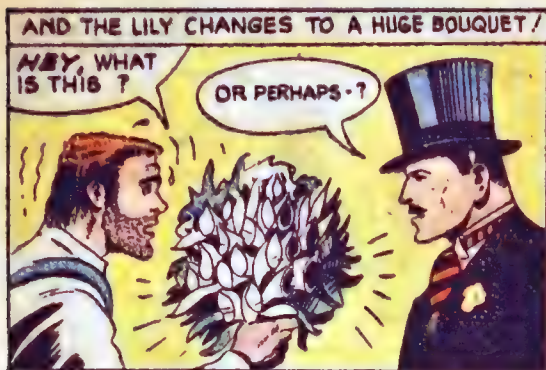


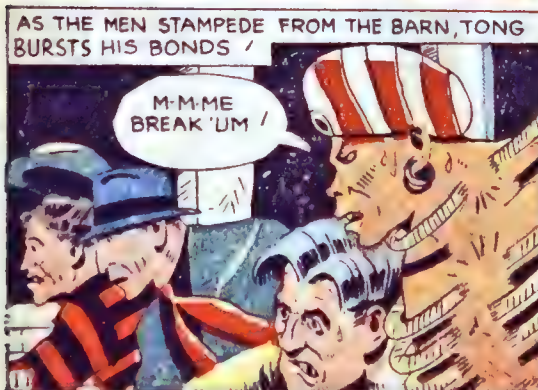
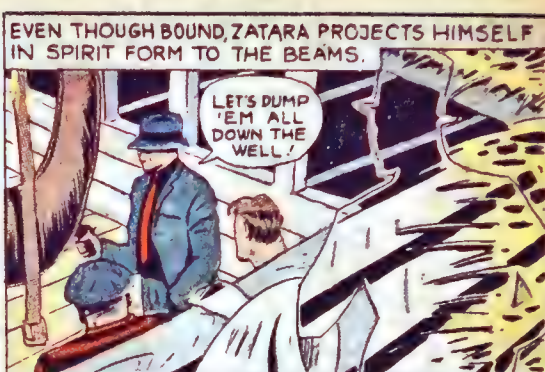


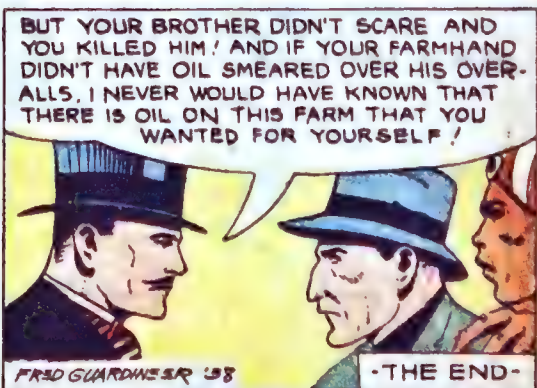
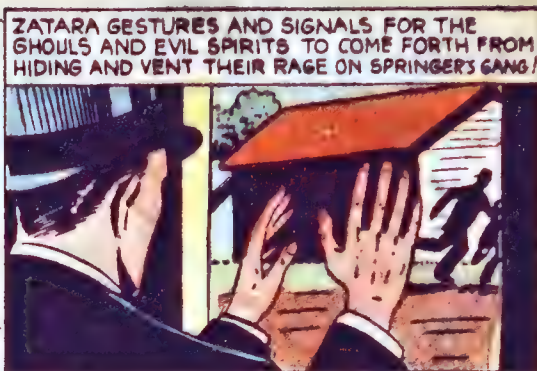










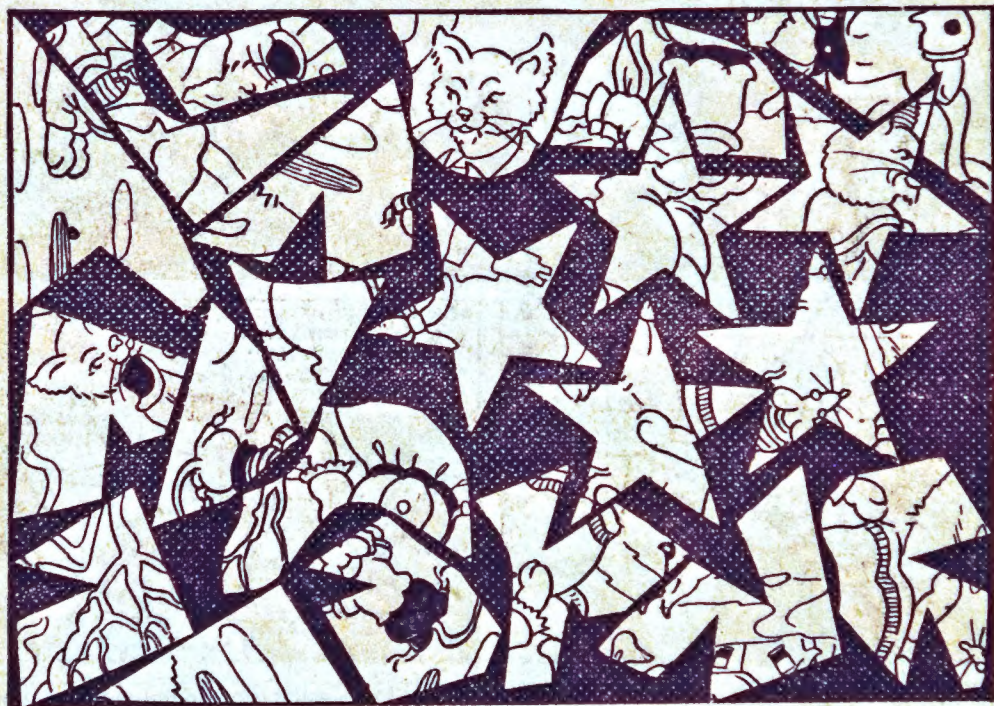


\$ \$ \$

\$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$ \$



**SIMPLY CUT OUT THE
22 PIECES BELOW AND FIT
THEM ALL TOGETHER TO
MAKE A CERTAIN PICTURE . . .
PASTE THEM ON A PIECE OF PAPER
OR CARDBOARD AND THEN COLOR
THE ENTIRE DRAWING . . . FOR THE BEST
25 PICTURES SENT IN WE'LL GIVE A PRIZE
OF A **DOLLAR** EACH!**



COUPON

NAME.....

STREET NO.....

CITY.....

STATE.....

**Print Your Name Clearly in the Coupon
in the Lower Left Hand Corner. Cut
Out the Coupon and Mail it with Your
Drawing to:**

ACTION COMICS CONTEST

**480 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY**

*All Entries Must Be in by Tuesday,
July 5th, 1938*

PLAY



BALL



'LEFTY' VERNON GOMEZ

MAY BE A NERVOUS AND JUMPY PERSON, BUT WHEN HE'S ON THE MOUND HE BECOMES COOL AND STEADY. THE FIRST SIGNS OF AN ACE BASEBALL PITCHER !!



THE PITCHER IS THE MOST IMPORTANT PART OF A TEAM. IF YOU PITCH FOR YOUR CLUB REMEMBER THIS - CONDITION IS ESSENTIAL - A FELLOW CANNOT HOPE TO HAVE SPEED AND STAMINA WITHOUT PLENTY OF GOOD FOOD AND REST - ALSO EXERCISES TO STRENGTHEN YOUR SHOULDER AND WRIST SHOULD BE DONE ALL WINTER - THERE IS ALWAYS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT -

HERE'S ONE BULL'S EYE YOU SHOULD NEVER AIM FOR.. PITCH TO THE CORNERS AND DON'T GROOVE THE BALL. THEY SAY YOU CAN TELL A PITCHER IS LOSING HIS STUFF WHEN HE STARTS THROWING HIGH

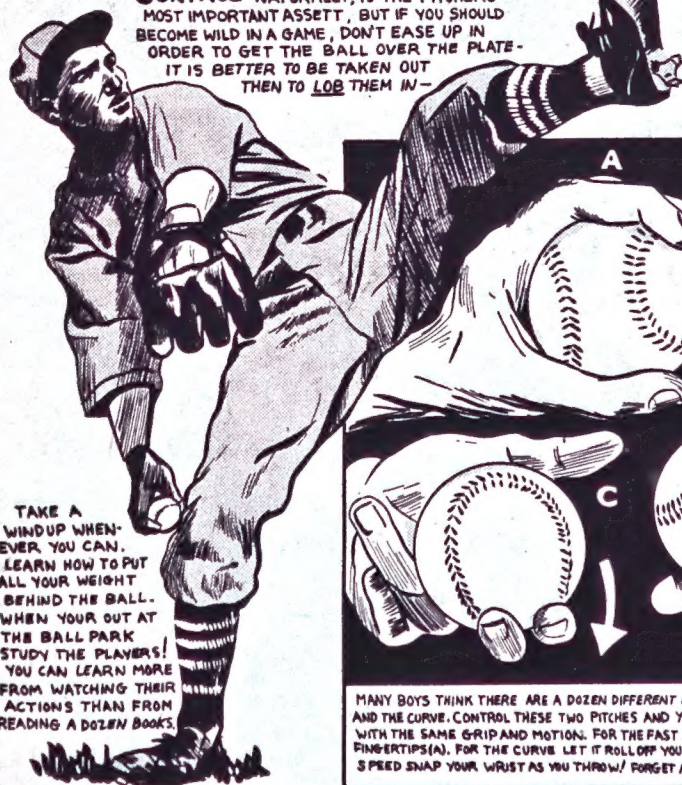


TOO MANY PITCHERS FORGET THAT THERE ARE 7 MEN BEHIND THEM AND TRY TO STRIKE OUT EVERY BATTER - MAKE THEM POP UP AND GROUND OUT - CONSERVE YOUR STRENGTH BY USING YOUR HEAD!

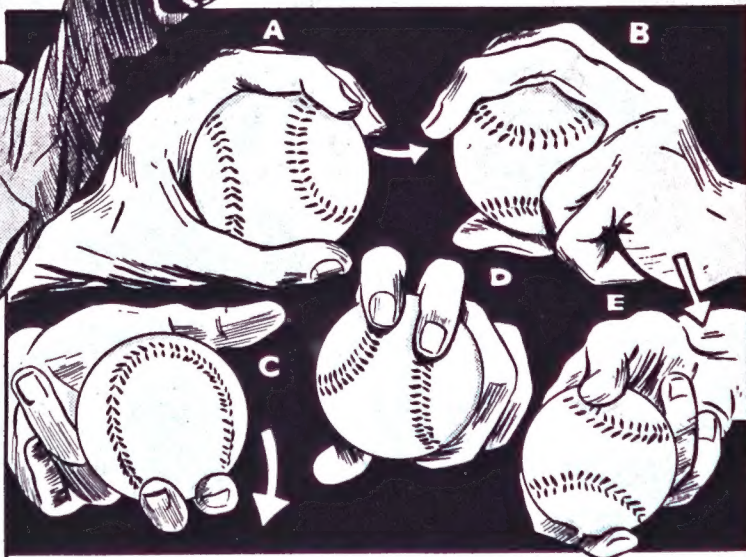


SHELDON MOLDOFF

CONTROL NATURALLY, IS THE PITCHER'S MOST IMPORTANT ASSETT, BUT IF YOU SHOULD BECOME WILD IN A GAME, DON'T EASE UP IN ORDER TO GET THE BALL OVER THE PLATE - IT IS BETTER TO BE TAKEN OUT THEN TO LOB THEM IN -



TAKE A WINDUP WHENEVER YOU CAN. LEARN HOW TO PUT ALL YOUR WEIGHT BEHIND THE BALL. WHEN YOU'RE OUT AT THE BALL PARK STUDY THE PLAYERS! YOU CAN LEARN MORE FROM WATCHING THEIR ACTIONS THAN FROM READING A DOZEN BOOKS



MANY BOYS THINK THERE ARE A DOZEN DIFFERENT PITCHES. REALLY THERE ARE BUT TWO. THE STRAIGHT FAST BALL AND THE CURVE. CONTROL THESE TWO PITCHES AND YOU'LL HAVE MORE THAN ENOUGH. TRY AND THROW EACH PITCH WITH THE SAME GRIP AND MOTION. FOR THE FAST BALL HOLD THE BASE BALL LOOSELY AND LET IT ROLL OF YOUR FINGERTIPS (A). FOR THE CURVE LET IT ROLL OFF YOUR FINGERS (C) AND SNAP YOUR WRIST (E). IF YOU WANT MORE SPEED SNAP YOUR WRIST AS YOU THROW. FORGET ABOUT SINKERS AND FORT BALLS. MASTER THESE TWO PITCHES!

BROADCAST thru your radio TALK - SING - PLAY

BROADCAST your voice on programs coming through your own radio set—make announcements from any part of the house—inject wise cracks, josh and mystify friends. Imitate radio stars, practice crooning, singing, radio acting, etc. Do a "Ben Bernie" or a "Rudy Vallee".

World Mike

Made especially for home use, attached in a jiffy without tools. Not a toy. Put on your own programs at home, parties, club affairs, etc. Barrels of fun! Easy to operate.

Price Only **25c**



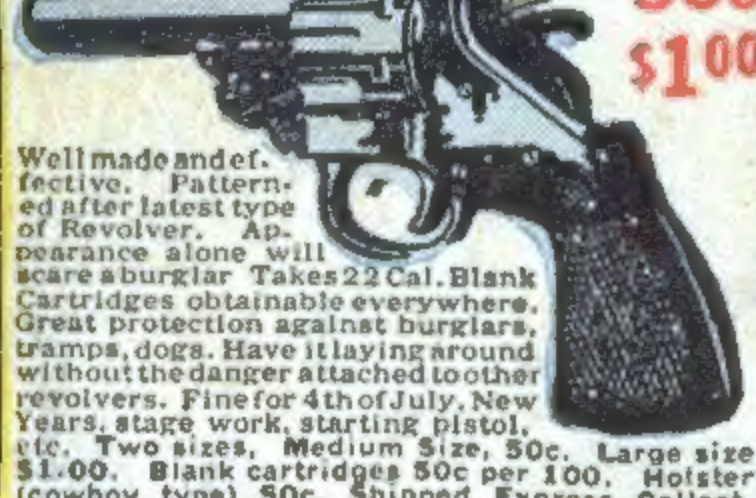
DELUXE MIKE

Large, substantial, all-metal mike. Practice radio acting, crooning, singing, etc. Reproduces voice with loud, clear tone without distortion. Regular table model—can be held in hand. Guaranteed.

Price Postpaid **\$1.95**

BLANK CARTRIDGE PISTOL

REVOLVER STYLE



50c
\$1.00

Well made and effective. Patterned after latest type of Revolver. Appearance alone will scare burglars. Takes 22 Cal. Blank Cartridges obtainable everywhere. Great protection against burglars, traps, dogs. Have playing around without the danger attached to other revolvers. Fine for 4th of July, New Years, stage work, starting pistol, etc. Two sizes. Medium Size, 50c. Large size \$1.00. Blank cartridges 80c per 100. Holster (cowboy type) 50c. Shipped Express Collect.

MIDGET POCKET RADIO \$1.00

Listen to Music and Sports Everywhere You Go

This amazing midget pocket radio brings in program within 25 miles of broadcasting station—even more under favorable conditions—in the country, in bed, at camp, office, etc. etc. AM, JMW, and EVERYWHERE. Merely connect an aerial and ground wire, attach single or double head phone and tune in. No extra batteries. No static or noise. No tuning. No dials to adjust. Just one moving dial to locate stations.

MIDGET POCKET RADIO, Price **\$1.00**



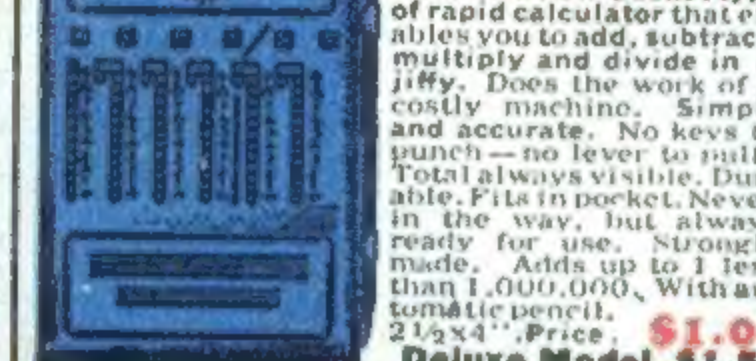
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Slipped under a cushion or placed on a chair. It makes a loud noise like the meowing of a cat, to the dismay of the person sitting down. Or have one in your pocket, muff, etc., and keep them guessing where the cat is. A barrel of fun at little cost. Take it with you wherever you go. Price Only **15c**

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